MY EXPERIENCE WITH SPIES IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR

By Bernhart Paul Holst

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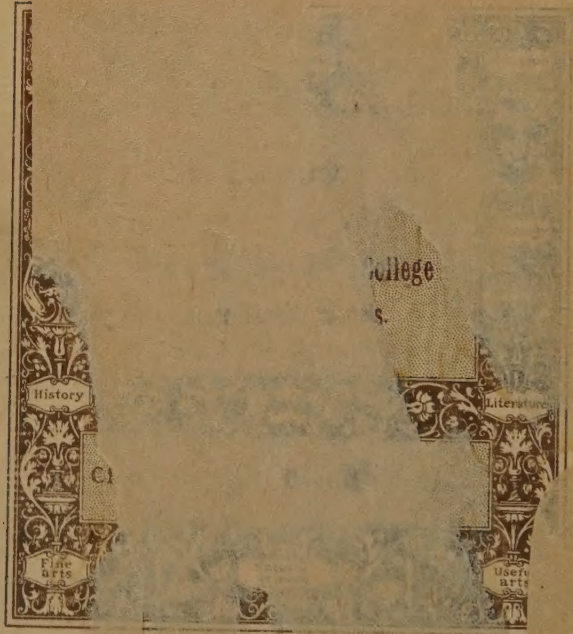

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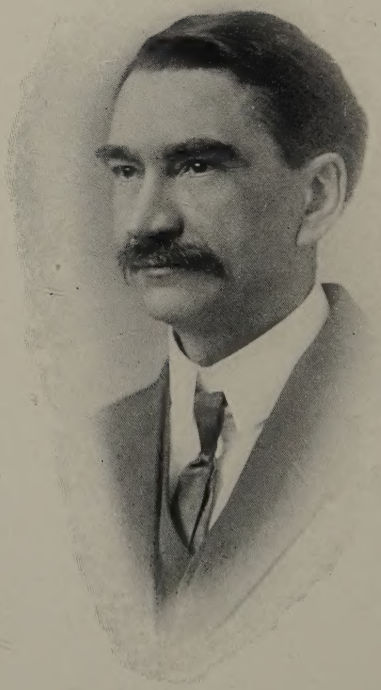

Bernhart Paul Holst

MY EXPERIENCE WITH SPIES

IN THE

Great European War

BY

BERNHART PAUL HOLST

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Writer and Collator of Works of General Reference; Author of Poems of Friendship and Other Poems; Traveler for Research Work in Art, Sciences, Antiquities, Etc.

"The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point."
—*Joseph Addison*

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PREFACE

THIS volume is offered the reader as a collection of chapters which treat of subjects that are closely allied to the great war in Europe which burst forth like an earthquake in 1914. Each one of the several topics has a place in the list of vital themes in an eventful epoch.

The treatment is written in a narrative style, not technical, but quite fully conversational. In connection with a number of the chapters are stanzas of verses written especially for this book.

In narrating many facts in regard to spies and scouts, the writer introduces the leading places visited in an eventful trip abroad. In the third chapter, entitled *My Introduction to Spydom,* is the beginning of the list of chapters which recite the details of the object and work of spies.

It must not be assumed that the writer condemns spies as workers of evil and iniquity. While these secret agents sometimes are false

and detestable, sometimes vile and traitorous, they frequently do good and are the means of bringing about results by methods that operate quickly and in the end save life and property from destruction. Perhaps, in the wiser economy of war, it is impossible wholly to dispense with systems of espionage.

The treatment in this book is from an American standpoint. It is the result of touring as a student and writer in twelve countries of Europe. The possibility of giving so much detail in regard to espionage is due to no mean ability to mingle freely with different nationalities and to converse with them in their own tongue.

It is hoped that this volume will be read and pondered in the spirit in which it was written. If it contributes to the correction of wrongs suffered by Americans at sea, personally and commercially; if, at the same time, the reader is entertained and instructed, the purposes of the writer will have been accomplished.

Bernhart Paul Holst

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THE SPY

Once he was young and brave and fair,
Free from the strain of guilt and care;
His mind was pure, his heart was clean,
His face bore marks of happy mien;
His teacher looked with hopeful pride
Upon the joys that thrift betide;
And often said, "Life well begun,
Assures the laurels will be won."

He grew to manhood tall and fair,
With manly strength and shoulders square;
He stood six feet, and every inch
Was borne to work and not to flinch;
When others fainted by the way,
He did his part without dismay;
With all his mind and all his heart
He ever strove to do his part.

Then came the tempter and he fell
Before the vile, seducing spell;
He learned to fetch and feint and lie,
Which fitted him to be a spy;

Although oftimes he was dismayed,
From day to day he plied his trade,
But proved a traitor to his cause
And wronged the mandates of the laws.

He shrank from man. His silent mood
Made him but fit for solitude;
He hid his face and breathed a sigh,
When he met others eye to eye;
And when a sound came to his ear
He trembled much with deadly fear;
And, as his dubious course he ran,
He palled beneath the curse of man.

My Experience with Spies
IN THE
Great European War

I
MOTIVES AND PURPOSES

MANIFOLD were the motives that induced me to leave my home in Boone, a thriving town in Iowa, and undertake a trip to Europe while the sparks were flying from the fire of many battlefields. I had no desire to expose myself to the carnage of war, or to witness the destruction of men as they fought for the principles which their country espoused, but rather to pursue in peaceful manner the investigations which seemed essential in the study of art, history and literature.

The time within which the tour was to be made limited me somewhat, hence I prepared a schedule of places to be visited, including in my list the institutions and their special char-

acteristics that I considered most noteworthy from my standpoint. This preparation for a trip always is necessary. It gives in a regular plan the objects to be seen and studied, thereby economizing the element of time to the best advantage.

My purpose was to visit in order Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Germany. This could be accomplished in from three to four months with good results. My list of noteworthy things and places to be seen was quite large, but in this chapter only the leading ones will be mentioned.

The chief aim in Norway was to study the folklore of the Norsemen. This caused my interest to center in the National Library and the Norwegian Folklore Museum in Christiania. Incident to this study was to be an investigation of the ships and other relics buried in tumuli by the Vikings at Gokstad. It also involved a trip through Trondhjem and as far north as Hell, a seaport on a fjord of the western coast.

My purpose in Sweden was first of all to visit the university city of Upsala, in whose library

is preserved the only Gothic manuscript in existence. This document contains parts of the four evangels written by Archbishop Ulphilas, about 500 A. D., and was taken from Prague in 1648 by the Swedes. My plan also included a visit to Gamle Upsala, the scene of Gustaf Vasa's activities, to view at Stockholm the Ridderholms Church and to make a short study in the Nordiska Museum.

To Denmark I was attracted by the works of Thorwaldsen, whose museum is the shrine of artists and poets. Incidentally I placed on my list such adjacent towns as Helsingör and other places made famous by Shakespeare, Ibsen and Andersen.

My plan was to visit at least one of the warring countries for the study of economic and sociological conditions as they were influenced by the war. At first I planned to make England that country, but, thinking the Baltic safer water than the North Sea, I decided to enter Germany.

In my travels through Europe I have visited more than a dozen of the leading countries. On

my list of noteworthy objects to be seen were the prominent churches, libraries, opera houses, theaters, universities, museums, art galleries, tombs, armories, fortifications, gardens and parks, castles in ruins and royal palaces. The noted churches, such as the Dom at Berlin and Westminster Abbey in London, are first in my mind and I have visited and attended worship in more than one hundred of this class of churches and cathedrals.

Europe is the cradle and nursery of modern civilization. Here is the soil in which the roots of American institutions had their primitive growth. Every nation of that continent has contributed vital elements to the newer and freer life in the new world.

That life is freer in America must of course be taken in the spirit in which such a statement is made. In many respects human activities are less limited and restricted in Europe than in America. As a whole the restraints upon an individual and the limitations upon society are less in the old world than in the new, except in the ability that men and women have in America to rise from poverty to affluence and wealth.

From the standpoint of education, both liberal and industrial, as well as professional, the European youth has the advantage. The activities of life are unhampered and the possibilities of growth are unlimited, except by the station of birth, which places the uninfluential beginner at a disadvantage. This is true of republican France and Switzerland as well as of imperial England, Germany and Austria-Hungary.

A trip to Europe, no matter whether the traveler is of native or foreign birth, broadens and liberalizes the mental processes. It furnishes the stimuli to live in the higher fields of art and literature, to think more systematically, and yet to appreciate American possibilities and institutions more thoroughly.

Here are stated briefly the motives and purposes that induced me to venture abroad while the sea was infested by mines and submarines, while the air was rent by shot and shell from the largest cannon ever drawn into battle. In the chapters that follow are given some of the experiences I had incident to the trip, all of which impressed me as landmarks in a memorable tour of the old world.

II

THE FIRST STEP

MY 40-horse power automobile did good service in the drive of seven blocks on the rainy evening of September nineteenth, 1915, when I began my trip to the turbulent scenes of Europe, where the great war, which, since its beginning in the Balkan states, had been spread as a cloud of evil over the largest part of the continent. The drive was from my residence to the Northwestern depot, from which the great train of steel cars was about to depart on its run for Chicago.

At the station I was greeted by a number of anxious friends, who looked upon such a trip as I was about to make more in the light of a tragedy rather than a necessary quest for material to weave into history and literature. It appeared to them as though we were at the brink of a final separation, at the verge of the

last farewell, so much had the reports of floating mines and other demons of destruction at sea, in the zone of naval blockade, impressed them. I confess even now that to me the liabilities of a venture into Europe at this hazardous time seemed to become magnified, especially as thoughts of the fate of the *Lusitania*, the *Arabic* and other ships passed through my mind, but such illusions, as I choose to call them now, quickly passed away and I soon felt fully assured of utmost safety even in the war zone.

Though several hundred passenger and freight vessels had been wrecked in the waters contiguous to the countries at war, though many seagoing people had found their grave beneath the waves, though I was to pass through the same waters infested with submarines and floating mines, it remained true that no ocean-liner sailing under a neutral flag had been destroyed, or even damaged, by Germany or any other belligerent country. These nations, fighting for their life and their economic integrity, sought to destroy only the ships of the enemy that

were armed or were engaged in carrying contraband.

In my possession I had an official passport to enable me to conduct my work of study and research in Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, issued by authority of the United States government, which, in order to become valid in the belligerent countries, required the visa of a consular officer of each of the countries which were at war and which I necessarily must enter to conduct my investigations. With this document in regular form, I felt that my security was absolute, so long as I traveled on a ship of a neutral country, such as steamship *Frederick VIII,* which carried the flag of Denmark. These conditions well guarded, I left home and friends with pleasant anticipations of an interesting trip across the Atlantic.

As I was about to board the Pullman car, I noticed one of the leading suffragettes of the community among those who had gathered on the platform. She was coming toward me with the winsome smile that only a veteran in the battalion of a suffragette campaign can wear,

and I felt rather pleased than disappointed to have her among those who were to wish me a pleasant journey and a safe return.

"Put a few bullets into the kaiser for me while you are in Europe" were the words with which this apostle of equal rights greeted me as I felt her hand taking mine. "Well," said I earnestly, "I am an American and am going to Europe to study, to explore, not to fight. If it were possible, and, if the life of the kaiser were at stake, I would put forth an effort to save it as quickly as I would, to the extent of my ability, protect the life of the king of England or the president of the United States. I believe it to be the duty of an American, when he is abroad, to so conduct himself that he will be a credit and honor to his country. This duty compels me to preserve absolute neutrality in relation to the belligerent nations instead of—" At this point she began speaking and I cannot recall all she said, but her parting words, which she intended to be friendly, were these: "If that is the way you feel about it, if you are not going to help overthrow the kaiser, I do not care what happens to you."

The trainmen were giving the signal to depart, hence I said the final goodbye to all, stepped upon the platform of the car and waved my hat as the engine pulled the train from the electric lighted city into the darkness of the night. For some reason I could not easily forget the words of the suffragette, not as easily as I wished, and they came back to me not only as I lay my head on the pillow in the sleeper, but likewise later when the ship on which I sailed was rocked on the swells of the sea. These words came to my mind when the British detained me and my fellow passengers in the Orkney Islands; they surged to the surface when I saw the flash lights and heard the sound of bursting shells in an engagement in the waters off the coast of Scotland. Again they came to me when I met face to face William II., the accomplished leader and devout Christian, as he stepped, accompanied by his wife and only daughter, from the great *Dom Kirche* in Berlin, after the five hundredth anniversary service of the Hohenzollerns. But each time, no matter when or where I recalled a trivial, unbalanced

remark of any kind, I grew stronger in the conviction that the true American loves America first and that he cannot, that he must not, be unfair to either side in the great War of Nations.

The firm conviction that safety lies in fairness and sympathetic neutrality, sympathetic because friendly to peace and humanity, is the mighty bulwark of defense when we enter the field of dangerous contention among nations. That I profited by this conviction is attested by the many acts of kindness which were extended to me in my travels in the leading countries of Europe, in a number of which I saw much of the destruction and hardship that the carnage of war has power to produce.

The written, as well as the unwritten, law of nations requires that each nation must so shape its policies that the public conscience will justify its acts. This law is likewise operative upon each individual, and by it we are to be guided and governed. When we live up to this law, conducting ourselves according to its mandates, we become a potentiality of great power.

America is not the vassal of any country, but,

instead, an independent, sovereign state. Each citizen, whether at home or abroad, should manifest by word and act a high class of citizenship; he should be "Slow to anger, and of great kindness." With this motto I was venturing on my exploit to the perilous scenes of war.

In the earnest times produced by war and rumors of wars, it is not considered wise to give full expression to our feelings, when discretion directs that we should control our passions. In this connection it may be well to consider who is

THE REALLY WONDERFUL MAN

The man who smiles when he's glad,
And frowns and scolds when he's mad,
And bitterly cries when he's sad
  Is only the natural man.

But the man who smiles when he's mad,
And joyfully laughs when he's sad,
And tearfully cries when he's glad
  Is really the wonderful man.

III

THE FLIGHT TO NIAGARA

THE great engine which pulled the California Mail train into the Northwestern passenger terminal at Chicago labored with the precision of the solar law. Although it had come to a full stop before I passed by its great drivers, there was a beating within quite like the pulsation of the human heart after a great effort, like that following a long and precipitous ascent. A quarter of a century ago such a machine would have attracted the plaudits of multitudes, but the passengers it had delivered safely at their destination hurried by without noticing the powerful monster, intent on passing through the station and securing rapid conveyance to the Loop District in the heart of Chicago.

Breakfasted and shaven, my first work included the purchase of book paper and the de-

G W CLARKE, GOVERNOR

Executive Department
STATE OF IOWA
DES MOINES

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME---GREETING.

Mr. Bernhart P. Holst, the bearer hereof, a most excellent citizen of the State of Iowa, one of the States of the United States of America, and widelyknown as an educator, publisher and man of business, conterplating a trip to European countries, more especially to the countries of northern Europe, for the purpose of gathe ing information along historical lines in connection with his editorship of books of reference and for the purpose of studying conditions, political, sociological and educational, I do hereby, in the name of the people of Iowa, bespeak for him such official and other recognition as shall be compatible with the public interest of the places he may visit, and I especially commend him to the kindly consideration always due a high order of citizenship of one country from a like citizenship of another.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of Iowa.
Done at Des Moines, Iowa, this 13th day of September 1915.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF IOWA

G. W. Clarke
Governor of the State of Iowa.

Copy of letter written by Governor G. W. Clarke.

livery of copy for an edition of books to my publisher. My publishing house, knowing that I was starting on a trip abroad, seemed solicitous about safety on the sea and reminded me of the fate of my friend Elbert Hubbard, who had gone down on the ill-fated *Lusitania.* Here, again, I reminded the apprehensive friends that security had been assured to those neutrals who travel on neutral ships and jokingly added, "In my case destruction is impossible; I carry an ample amount of life insurance."

Having dispatched general business matters, my final object in Chicago was to have my passport visaed so as to admit me to the warring countries of Europe. However, this was merely a matter of form, as the personal letters which I carried from Senator Cummins, Congressman Woods, Governor Clarke, Senator Kenyon, Professor Bell and many other men prominent in politics and in education were sufficient to make the introduction ample and effective.

At the door of the German consulate on Michigan Avenue was the notice of *Zutritt ohne An-*

AB. CUMMINS, CHAIRMAN.
JOHN BRIAR, CLERK.

United States Senate,
COMMITTEE ON
THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Des Moines, Iowa,
Sept. 22, 1915.

To Whom It May Concern:

I am glad to say in behalf of the bearer of this note, Mr. Bernart P. Holst, of Boone, Iowa, that he is an energetic, successful business man of my state. He is a gentleman of high character and worthy of confidence. I cordially commend him to those whom he may meet in the trip to Europe that he is about to begin.

Yours very truly,

Albert B. Cummins

Copy of letter written by Senator Albert B. Cummins.

klopfen, which was the first vivid suggestion on this trip of notices as they are posted in Europe, where reminders are seen in nearly all public places as to *what should be done* and *what should not be done* in keeping with public safety and sanitation. Americans who travel in Europe will do well to read such notices and heed them; by doing so they may save themselves annoyances. At home such notices as "Do not Spit on the Floor" are of little interest to Americans; they seem to think the reminders are meant for some one else, but in Europe the injunction is enforced by a penalty on the negligent.

The reception at the German consulate was cordial, but I felt somewhat self-conscious lest my usual democratic demeanor would prevent me from returning graciously the very hearty reception accorded by the officials with whom I came in contact. However, I was soon put at ease and my passport was validated, in spite of the fact that many others had been refused. After having been told the fee was $1.20, I laid $2.00 on the desk and said, "Although I have

not yet acquired the habit I presume you have, and the change will provide the necessary Havana." But the official assured me he had not learned the art of smoking and stated his government would not permit any consular officer to accept a treat or gift and that I would not be permitted to leave the change on the desk. It appeared to me that this officer was emulating the Iowa anti-tipping law which had recently come into force. However, I said, "*Gut gesagt,*" and we shook hands and I bowed out as cleverly as possible.

The trip from Chicago to New York was made over the New York Central lines. Leaving Chicago at three o'clock in the afternoon on the Michigan Central train, I passed through Detroit and Lower Canada, reaching Niagara Falls while the early twilight was beginning to beautify the great cataract. The train halted on the Canadian side, near Table Rock, and the Pullman passengers were notified so they might see the falls in early morning, before the hundreds of electric lights along the shore were turned off. The great rush and roar of the

water and the dense mists rising above the precipice, before the orb of the sun had risen above the horizon, was very beautiful.

The Falls of the Niagara properly are classed with the natural wonders of America. This phenomenon of nature is not excelled in grandeur of aspect and in magnitude of strength anywhere. It is utilized to a very large extent for water power and through this source furnishes light and propelling force to scores of hamlets and cities. My tribute to it is expressed in the following stanzas:

THE FALLS OF THE NIAGARA

My soul is awed in me
As I look up to thee
And see the waters pouring o'er thy brink;
In silence here I stand,
Nor move a foot nor hand,
As of thy grandeur solemnly I think!

When the flight of years began,
No stream in thy course ran,
For all the region was a boundless sea;
And as the land appeared,

11884

And hills and vales were cleared
Of waters deep, thy place was marked for thee.

And thou wert not content
To leave thy course unbent,
Or pour thy waters ever at one place—
But broke the icy locks,
And cut away the rocks,
Thy brink with certain strides up-stream to trace.

Thy waters gently glide,
In vale, on mountain side,
As from the mists and silvery clouds they fall;
But wakened from their sleep,
As from thy rocks they leap,
O'er hills and woods peal forth a mighty call.

Deep echoes unto deep
As swift thy waters leap
And glide adown the channel to the bay;
A veil of mist is seen,
And as thy waters stream
They mark the flood of years in rock and clay.

Thy ever deafening roar
Causes the mind to soar
To Him who in a deluge plied the rod,
But in His sight thou art
A very meager part
And speak in simple tones of nature's God.

IV

MY INTRODUCTION TO SPYDOM

THE route of the New York Central lines from Buffalo to Albany, about 300 miles, follows quite closely the course of the Erie-Hudson Canal, so-called because it is the waterway between Lake Erie and the Hudson River. This, the most important artificial waterway in the United States, was once the greatest route of commerce in New York and in the eastern part of the country. In the open season quite a number of small canal boats are seen, although the lines of the West Shore Railway and the New York Central and Hudson River Railway now parallel the entire distance and carry all but a small fraction of the business. However, the canal is in a better working condition than it ever was, even in the time of Governor Clinton, as it has been deepened and the sluices, bridgeheads, locks and in-flow channels

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are in part or wholly built of solid and reinforced concrete.

Along this canal, in view of fields and pastures, the train was speeding swiftly when breakfast was announced in the diner. The call was a welcome summons and I repaired at once to the modern, well-arranged dining car, where several ladies and a somewhat larger number of gentlemen already were seated at the tables. My eyes surveyed the passengers with more than ordinary interest, not that I was looking for a familiar face, but because I was attracted by the appearance of several gentlemen who gave the impression that they were not Americans.

I ate at a table designed for two diners, but the seat opposite mine was unoccupied and I had, for that reason, greater freedom in studying the faces of those who attracted my attention. It was my conclusion that the faces in which I was interested included those of one Englishman, one German and two Frenchmen. They seemed to avoid conversation with each other, both here and later in the Pullman cars,

and I began to think of them as secret agents who were operating in connection with the business end of the war in Europe.

At the first call for lunch I again made my way to the diner and noticed that the gentleman whom I had suspected of being an Englishman was seated at a small table by himself. This appeared to be my opportunity to study him more closely and I took the seat left unoccupied at the same table, facing him squarely, and began a conversation about the weather and other topics which usually are uppermost in the semi-vacant mind. My first effort secured the information that he had boarded the train at Niagara Falls and was ticketed for New York, where he had very important business not entirely of a personal nature. His conversation was guarded and considerate, while mine began to appear evasive; at least this is my estimate of the diplomacy we were practicing.

Several years before I had been told by a court-joker, of which there are many in Europe, that the name of Hanson is borne by one-third of the people of Denmark and that the

remainder of the populace in that country is largely of the Holst, Peters and Larsen families. Now, under these circumstances, if I would gain the confidence of this fellow traveler, I could not reveal my real identity, but, instead must choose one or more of the methods of concealment which are so common in detective work.

It appeared to me that I could gain some very important information through this new acquaintance and, at the same time, acquire knowledge which would enable me more fully to realize and understand the position which the United States as a neutral nation is occupying to the warring countries in Europe, especially in regard to over-sea commerce. The principal facts of this information I could, of course, obtain from my government, but the secret, the concealed manipulations that promote the interest of a belligerent nation must be looked for elsewhere.

"I take you to be an Englishman, or at least an English subject," said I, after a pause.

He smiled knowingly and answered affirma-

tively, saying, "Your guess is correct in both particulars."

"Well," I continued, "I was born English, that is, I hail from the Australian state of Victoria, near the city of Hamilton, where my father settled on land nearly seventy years ago."

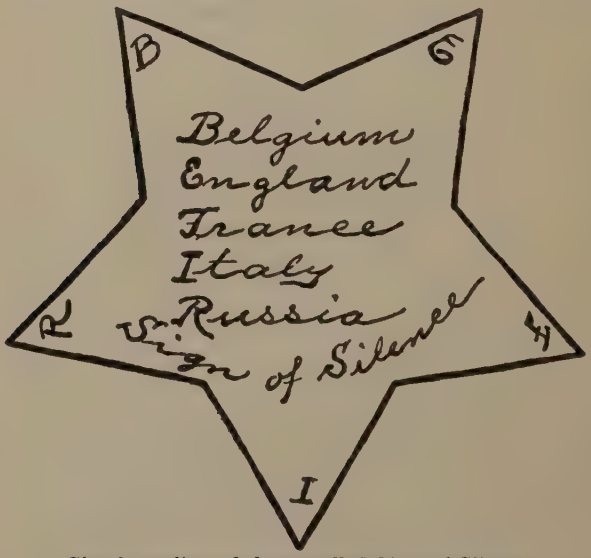
"O, indeed," said he, "then you must know much of Ballarat and Melbourne and Geelong, where I have been often."

"Yes," I replied, "they are easy of access by rail from Hamilton, especially Ballarat, where the diggings yielded great wealth in gold nuggets and still are rich in this mineral. And Melbourne, the second city of Australasia, the beautiful metropolis of the state of Victoria, with its wide streets and fine university, is a favorite place."

After this our conversation was easy and covered a wide range of topics. Luckily we did not occupy seats in the same Pullman car, hence we agreed to meet at Albany and take dinner together on the run from that city to New York. I indicate that it was fortunate that we did not

occupy seats in the same car, and I found it so, because it gave me an opportunity to plan a line of conversation for the evening ride.

At Albany all passengers for New York were



Simple outline of the so-called Sign of Silence.

required to change cars and it was necessary to wait a brief time to make connections. On the platform I met my new acquaintance, who had made himself known to me as John Fen-

wick of Adelaide, Australia, and here he was in earnest conversation with two young men. These he introduced to me as George Fenton and James Barton, the former a stout man with blue eyes and auburn hair and the latter a tall individual with keen, dark eyes and slightly gray hair.

In greeting them I took the right hand in mine and pressed the last joint of the small finger between the thumb and second finger of my right hand. Then I opened the back cover of my watch and inside of it exposed the *Sign of Silence,* saying, "This is the safe side." They answered, each for himself, "I notice."

Having made the impression that I had knowledge of this order of secret agents and their manner of identification, I won their confidence. This way of winning them to trust me I had learned in Chicago several weeks before, where I met a number of large buyers of horses, who confided in me because I knew much of the horse market and the shipment of horses from Iowa.

Although Mr. Fenwick and his companions

looked upon me as one of their class of people, I was far from it and entered upon a study of this line of operations as an interesting adjunct of the great war in Europe and Asia.

Mr. Fenwick had confused my statement, "I was named after my father," to mean that my name was William Henty. I did not tell him this, but said that an Australian ranchman named William Henty, who, I think, was a relative of George Alfred Henty, the noted English author, owned a large range in the state of Victoria, near Hamilton, and that he resided on this range and engaged in rearing sheep and cattle. From this circumstance he spoke of me as the Australian, and seemed to be pleased that I was British by birth.

The trio of spies, as I choose to call them now, hailed with satisfaction the intelligence that I had been in Iowa, where I had made observations of the purchase and shipment of horses for the allies, especially England and France. These shipments included several thousand animals.

This information was correct, as I had seen

many car loads of horses unloaded for feeding at Boone, Valley Junction and other railway divisions in the Mississippi valley, later to be reloaded and forwarded to points east and eventually to Europe. I had also seen many horses that had been bought in the vicinity of Boone for the entente allies and had examined them in the yards before shipment.

The western farming and ranching country, especially the Mississippi Valley, was covered by agents buying draft and army horses. Hundreds of posters were scattered throughout the stock-raising districts, among mule and horse raisers, and many newspapers carried display advertising in their columns.

This enterprise was promoted by speculative buyers, and secret service men usually were near at hand to create sentiment favorable to the entente allies among the farmers and at the hotels. It would have been more profitable to the farmers and ranchers, the prices of horses would have been higher, had transportation across the Atlantic been unobstructed by Great Britain.

Mr. Fenwick and his associates admitted this

1000
HORSES WANTED

We buy more horses than any 2 firms in the west.

We Will Buy All Marketable Horses

from 1100 to 1800 lbs., and 4 to 9 yrs. old. We buy the best that grows, there are none too good for us. If you have a good horse be sure and bring him in. We don't mind slight blemish.

At North Feed Barn
Boone, Sat., Feb. 12

Harrison & Shames, Chicago Horse Buyers

Sample Advertisement of Horse Buyers published in the Boone News-Republican.

without argument. While the entente allies were paying a moderate price for horses, they profited greatly by shipping before or at the time England began to blockade the neutral trade, that is, before the freight rates across the Atlantic had increased enormously. This profit was at the expense of the American horse growers, a definite loss to our farmers and ranchers, of which these secret agents were well aware.

They secured the impression that I was on my way to Europe for the purpose of looking more closely into the stock market in Denmark, where Germany had purchased quite heavily at the beginning of the war. As all this caused them to speak more freely, I evaded a discussion of my mission to Denmark, but told them I was ticketed for Copenhagen and that I expected to make the Hotel Central, on Raadhuspladsen, my headquarters. This induced them to have even greater confidence in me than before, as strangers usually give the mailing address at general delivery in the post office, instead of divulging their place of abode.

No blockade of the neutral countries had been declared up to this time, but neutral commerce was greatly limited through delays caused by stopping ships on the high sea, often holding them at such ports as Kirkwall, Greenock and Stornoway, but a general movement for a formal blockade of all neutral ports was under consideration. This impending policy was the reason why many secret agents were employed to watch very carefully the movement of freight in such ports as Copenhagen and Rotterdam.

V

BREAKING BREAD WITH SPIES

SOON after the train left Albany, I joined the trio in the dining car and, fortunately, we secured a table by ourselves. This was to be the farewell dinner of four who had widely diverging routes and vastly different purposes before them. Mr. Fenwick was to sail to Liverpool, Mr. Fenton and Mr. Barton were en route to the south and west, and I, as stated in a former chapter, was bound for Copenhagen. How wonderful it would be if we could meet two months later to compare the experiences and achievements of each traveler with that of the others!

The ride down the Hudson River always is pleasant, especially along the lower course, where every foot of ground stands out prominently in the annals of America. Orators and poets, owing to the beauty of the scenery along

its banks and its celebrity in history and literature, have named the Hudson the "Rhine of America." This term is quite appropriate, to say the least, as here are Tarrytown, Poughkeepsie, West Point, Ossining and other places of note. In this stream Robert Fulton operated the first steamboat. Here also are the scenes of the treason of Benedict Arnold and the adventures of Ichabod Crane and Rip Van Winkle, the wonderful creations of Washington Irving. Toward the lower course are the cliffs known as the Palisades, which tower as a solid wall of granite above the great volume of water in the channel.

The circumstance that we were passing down the margin of one of the greatest waterways of America, so rich in the history and literature of the new world, gave an opportunity for a wide range in conversation while dinner was being served. However, each member of the quartette spoke passively and uninterestedly of the many topics which were mentioned, asking and answering questions in a strikingly absent-minded fashion. The cause was not difficult to

guess, as it was apparent that each had a lower stratum of thought—each was thinking of the situation in which he was placed and the work he expected to do.

At length, in order to turn the trend of thought into a new channel, I made a successful effort to bring the conversation to my childhood scenes in Australia. I spoke of the great, arid plains, dotted with salt-water lakes, the sheep and cattle ranges, and the numerous birds of fine song and beautiful plumage. Later I drifted the conversation to the rich diggings of Ballarat, where my father had found many large nuggets of gold, saying that the gold of Ballarat is the brightest of the metals and, for that reason, is among the most valuable.

"By the way," I said, "I still have a brother and several other relatives in Australia. One of these, Mr. John Holt, was a school teacher in his early manhood. Correspondence which I carried on with him a number of years, and which proved very interesting to me, led me to mention circumstances of which he knew in several poems. One of these, entitled *If Sweetest*

Charms of Love are Lost, I wrote recently and expect to mail to his address when I reach New York."

The fact is that I had written these simple, unpretentious lines after I had met Mr. Fenwick at breakfast, thinking I could employ them as a lure to gain his confidence.

When a traveler is far from home, totally among strangers, it often happens that some little word spoken at the right time, some slight mannerism, or even knowledge of a peculiar but insignificant event, will win a friend or influence a kind act. With this in mind I passed my verses written on railway paper to each separately. They read them and nodded approvingly.

The effect of my feint was that I was invited to meet with them at Hotel Belmont in New York, where they had planned a consultation. This invitation I accepted and agreed to be there as soon as possible after I would reach the city, not later than eight o'clock. The verses that won this invitation and the entire confidence of these secret agents are as follows:

IF SWEETEST CHARMS OF LOVE ARE LOST

The free gold found at Ballarat,
On slopes, in vales and placer mines,
Made many a bank deposit fat,—
As brightest of the metals shines—
And I asked Jonathan to bring
None other in the wedding ring.

REFRAIN

O, Jonathan, remember this;
The prices paid do not bring bliss;
Buy no costly diadems,
No brilliant stones, no shining gems!
O, Jonathan, heed what I say
And save your coin for future day—
Buy a plain ring at Ararat,
Made of the gold of Ballarat.

The rainy season came and went
And beauty roses bloomed once more,
A brilliant diadem he sent
With wreaths of flowers to my door—
I said, "I much regret the cost,
If sweetest charms of love are lost."

We had been friends a year or more
And took a trip to Melbourne-side;
A bracelet on my arm I wore,
And gems of pearls cut full and wide—
But said, "I much regret the cost,
If sweetest charms of love are lost."

VI

SPIES AT THE ROUND TABLE

HOTEL BELMONT is at Park Avenue and Forty-Second Street, near the Grand Central Terminal, and is a fine structure of twenty stories. It required little time to arrange for transferring my baggage, hence I soon entered the lobby of the great hotel, where I met the trio with whom I had eaten dinner on the train. They were expecting me and greeted me heartily, complimenting the promptness I had shown in keeping my engagement.

After a short visit in the lobby of the hotel, we repaired for a light luncheon to a cafe in the vicinity, where a private dining room had been reserved for us and to which refreshments, including cigars and several bottles of champagne, had been brought. It was not long until we got down to "merriment and business," as Mr. Fenwick called the proceedings.

Unfortunate in goodfellowship is he who attends such a meeting, if he has not learned to smoke and to imbibe the nectar of Bacchus, but this was my plight in the council which had assembled to promote or influence the labors of Mars. However, I was excused good-naturedly on the ground that, as I was to sail on the morrow, such indulgence would unsettle me as a sailor.

Between jokes and drinks, both of which came fast, but of which the latter came the faster, the discussion turned almost entirely to the project of starving Germany and her allies into submission.

"The neutral countries," said Mr. Fenwick, "particularly Holland and the Scandinavian nations, are to be restricted more and more in their trade, especially the imports. This policy is beginning to take effect already, since their freighters are either held up in British harbors or are on the black list; their passenger steamers likewise are being delayed from several days to a week in each passage across the ocean, all of which means limitation of the goods needed to feed the hungry in Europe."

Mr. Barton mentioned an article he had seen in the New York *Tribune* to the effect that nearly one hundred neutral freight ships had been blacklisted because they violated the requirement which Great Britain imposed, namely: that any vessel carrying goods which found their way ultimately into Germany would be seized, and both vessel and goods would be held as prizes of war. "Another demonstration that Britannia rules the waves," said he.

Mr. Fenton called attention to the stagnation of freight in New York, where not less than 25,000 loaded freight cars had accumulated and were unable to unload or discharge their goods because transportation across the ocean either was delayed or in many cases entirely suspended. He added, smiling: "But the American people, especially President Wilson, will not do more than file meaningless protests, even if the British should destroy totally the trans-Atlantic commerce of the United States. There are now two politicians who are British by birth in the president's cabinet, I mean Secretary Lane and Secretary Wilson, and both are very agreeable friends of their mother country."

The discussion of these and kindred topics continued for several hours. I joined in the exchange of thoughts from time to time with the view of learning all I could about the work of spies and particularly of the objects of the trio with whom I was spending the evening. In this I was not only successful, but I learned many circumstances which would aid me in communicating with spies in Europe, especially in Christiania and Copenhagen.

In some manner these men had secured the information that the entente allies designed a virtual blockade instead of a nominal obstruction of German and neutral ports, which they stated would take effect early in 1916. The immediate purpose of Mr. Barton and Mr. Fenton was to visit Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago on a propaganda to create sentiment in favor of such an actual blockade, or at least to neutralize and, if possible, dissipate grave opposition to the impending Orders in Council, which Great Britain was contemplating. They were to aid in spreading reports unfavorable to Germany, such as would prejudice the Ameri-

can people against the Central Powers, particularly the claims of cruelty to wounded soldiers and the needless destruction of churches and charitable institutions. In this connection they mentioned several newspapers and public men of New York and Washington who could be relied on to support their designs.

"The report that Turkey has destroyed the life of 800,000 non-combatant Armenians," suggested Mr. Fenwick, "is a prolific benefit to the British. What care I whether true or false, whether dreamed or imagined. So long as the political newspapers and church journals will publish this faked piece of war news it will hurt the Central Powers, especially if the kaiser is charged with knowingly approving of such slaughter. I tell you," he added, "this kind of dope makes the Americans take notice."

"Well," said Mr. Barton, after emptying a fair-sized glass of champagne and blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke across the room, "I think the best dope is to keep the Yankees thinking the Germans are about to invade New York with an army of a million men, supported by a

fleet of fifty superdreadnaughts. This will keep them discussing what they call 'preparedness for defense' while England is destroying neutral trade between America and Europe."

"There seems to be method in this proposition," said I, "because if America and the neutral countries of Europe are permitted to build ships and establish many transportation lines, placing large merchant marines on the seas, England will have powerful trade competition with which she will need to reckon after the war is over. The easiest way, it seems to me, is to pursue the policy of killing the possibility of this competition before it is established, just as England is doing by blacklisting neutral ships and interfering with freight cargoes in transit on the seas."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Fenwick, "Bravo! Keep neutrals off the sea while the war is in progress, while there are few ships and much freight. Prevent them from developing a larger transoceanic trade; destroy what they already have, if possible, and when the war is over England will continue to be mistress of the waves and

the scheme known as the *freedom of the seas* will be a forgotten dream!"

Having made what he considered a capital speech, Mr. Fenwick blinked his eyes and lilted in an unusually cheerful tone the rag-time he had hummed several times before:

"Ah'l lend yo' ma hat!
Ah'l lend yo' ma flat!
Ah'l lend yo' ma lovely overcoat of fur!
Ah'l lend yo' eberyt'ing Ah've got—excep' ma wife!
An' Ah'l mak' yo' *a present of* HER!"

The trio laughed merrily and smacked their lips as they sipped the champagne drawn from a bottle with a long, slender neck. Mr. Fenton held his glass near his chin and smiled approvingly, shouting, "That is the spirit of genuine liberality."

To me his smile appeared bland and harmless, but the impression he made, as he moved the glass up and down, was sinister and betrayed covert evil and danger. I began to feel uneasy and uncertain of the situation. This was the first experience of the kind I had ever witnessed,

and it was wholly possible that these men might become unmanned by drink and do both me and themselves harm.

I had long ago learned that the nicotine in the tobacco and the alcohol in the champagne, each working by itself in the human system, are less powerful than when they join forces and attack the inner vitals of man. Under such conditions, when the body is saturated with these ardent foes of the nerve forces, reason is dethroned and man becomes a slave instead of a powerful molding and directing force. He stoops and cringes before the influence which he started out to control.

Instead of studying me and my motives and purposes, these men became anxious to tell me of their experiences in the past and what they had set out to accomplish in the future. Instead of being a plastic organism in their hands, to be formed into shape and used to accomplish their desires as they had intended, they were divulging to me what I wanted to know of them in particular and the work of secret agents in general.

The school in which I had suddenly become a student was interesting beyond my power to describe. They howled and roared like raving beasts that are seeking to devour each other. My eyes and ears were open every moment, permitting nothing to escape, while I said only sufficient to keep the trio busy in their eagerness to surpass each other in relating the smart stories with which detectives are familiar. In this manner I easily accomplished my purpose, that is, I learned much of the work and methods of secret agents in America and received the information which enabled me to find their compatriots in Europe.

At this juncture I also learned that Mr. Fenwick was ultimately to locate in Holland, where he was to join other secret service men in keeping a close watch of the movements of goods imported with the consent of Great Britain from North and South America. He was to ascertain whether any of these goods were finding their way into Germany, and, if so, in what quantity and under what conditions.

By this time we had finished our luncheon and

the table was cleared of dishes and bottles. Mr. Fenwick, who was the spokesman of the trio, acted in the role of the jester. At times he would

Pointing his finger at me, he fairly screamed: "I'm the boy that's doing the business. My work will give England absolute world dominion!"

shout vengeance against the foes of Great Britain and at other times he became docile and tractable.

He was inclined to be emphatic when he spoke of "horse flesh," as he called army horses. Pointing his finger at me, he fairly screamed, "I'm the boy that's doing the business. My work will give England absolute world dominion!"

I was ready to leave the table and planned to do so as gracefully as possible. All I still wanted was some information about the confederates of Mr. Fenwick in Denmark. This was not difficult to obtain.

These spies, or secret service men as they called themselves, had the impression that I was in the same line of work as Mr. Fenwick, except that I was to operate in Denmark. For this reason they gave me much information about commercial affairs which were not open for publication and supplied me with addresses of people in Denmark in whom I could confide. The session came to a close at about ten o'clock, after which I hurried to the place of my residence near the Battery, where I had engaged quarters.

Before leaving New York I mailed several

letters and many American newspapers to the Danish capital, addressing them in care of Hoved Post Kontor, Kopenhagen, Denmark. The letters had been given to me by Mr. Fenwick for identification among some people he knew and they later proved of much value to me in conducting my study of the work of spies and its effect upon commerce and the trend of the war. My purpose in mailing the letters and newspapers was to evade the possibility of losing them in case of detention and seizure of the ship before reaching the capital of Denmark, which was not entirely out of the range of probability.

VII

ON THE WAVES

THE ocean-liner *Frederick VIII* was throbbing under the pressure of superheated steam when I arrived at the docks in Hoboken, shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon of September twenty-second. Everything was ready for her to put to sea in the long route across the northern part of the Atlantic. My baggage had come on time, marked with the usual sign "Baggage Wanted," meaning that it was to be taken to my room No. 10 on the promenade deck, and I was supplied with the

BEWARE
OF
CONFIDENCE-MEN AND SWINDLERS!

familiar card bearing the injunction "Beware of Confidence-men and Swindlers!" Soon the

band began to play *Kung Kristian stod ved hojan mast,* the whistle sounded the final warning, and the ship began to move from her moorings.

The thrill of excitement, the joy of the open sea, the impulse of a freer life are experiences which never are felt more vividly than when the ship has left the land and moves forward proudly in its voyage upon the waves. With the face toward the fore, as the ship passes swiftly outward from New York Bay, the passenger leaving the shore of America looks back only twice, once to receive a last vivid impression of the sky-line marked by the great buildings of the Knickerbocker City and once, but the last of all, to note the figure of Bartholdi's statue representing *Liberty Enlightening the World.* Strangely, too, the impressions made by these two features of New York seem to accompany the traveler ever after.

The observing voyager begins to study faces and characters as soon as the first few highly interesting hours on the open sea are over. On this trans-Atlantic trip I met many fine people,

ladies and gentlemen of wide reading and experience, and I began to cultivate them very early in the voyage. They embraced many classes of people from western Europe, including also those in the second cabin and third class, in both of which I spent some time in studying conditions in America and Europe as they are reflected by those who take a journey across the ocean.

At the table to which the chief steward assigned me were one Danish officer of the steamship and seven passengers. The latter included one English, one German, two Belgian and three American citizens. The general conversation was in German, and this was pleasing to me, as it gave me an opportunity to cultivate the use of the Teutonic tongue with much effect. As a whole, the circle of people at this table and of the first cabin was very congenial and they soon became the best of friends. We made the long ride as far as the Shetland Islands with no strange or unusual events.

Mr. Otto Tamini, the noted German-Italian singer, who occupied a seat at the table opposite

mine, was on his way to Europe to take the chief rôle in Wagner's *Lohengrin* and to sing in other operas and he often delighted us with choice selections. At a benefit concert, which netted 380 kroner for the Sailors' Society of Good Intentions in Copenhagen, he sang several numbers with much success. The instrumental music for this program was furnished by Mrs. Carla Fuhn, of Rumania, and Mr. Henry C. Hanson, of Denmark, gave a reading. I read a number of selections from my works, including the following, which I wrote especially for the occasion:

ON "FREDERIK VIII."

At Fred'rik's festal board we met
From day to day,
But now must part with deep regret
To our dismay;
Sadly we leave the roses here,
That bloom for us, that give us cheer,
And ne'er forget, if far or near,
When we go 'way.

Much like a dream o'er ocean's waves
The good ship sails,
No matter how the wild wind raves
It never fails;
And as it proudly moves along,
We pass the time with cheerful song,
Or visit much,—a happy throng—
In calms or gales.

An ocean trip, like human life,
Soon passes by;
We gather strength from toil and strife,
A smile, a sigh;
And if we live the larger sphere,
Live for the right, for true friends dear,
Then, with the very best of cheer,
Bid them goodbye!

VIII

IN PRISON AT SEA

ON the morning of September thirtieth, even before the light of day announced its coming, wireless messages concerning the steamship were caught up by the Marconi operator. They came in rapid succession, asking "*Frederick VIII,* where are you?"

Commander Andersen, the veteran captain of the Scandinavian-American Steamship Company, was in no hurry to have an answer, which would divulge the location of the vessel, flashed back to the inquiring intruder. He apparently was driving as rapidly as possible toward a point north of the Shetland Islands, thinking he might be able to escape capture and detention of his ship by the British.

The British were keeping a careful account of the sailings across the Atlantic in both directions. They knew that steamship *Frederick*

VIII was somewhere approaching the region of the Shetland Islands and they were determined to intercept her and hold her subject to inspection.

The cargo had already been listed by British officers in New York, who had been detailed to keep an account of the freight as well as the passengers taken on board. They knew that the ship had large quantities of American mail and much meat, the latter consisting in the main of ham and bacon. This information was obtained at the custom house, from the clearance papers, and even more minute details were required to be given by the owners of the ship, as the passage across the ocean was granted by Great Britain only under such conditions as she herself imposed.

In this connection I recalled the conversation of the English secret service men in New York, how they said England would interfere with the transportation of goods and passengers, not alone to injure Germany, but also to damage and, if possible, disrupt the trade of neutrals. It was becoming certain that the Marconi calls

for information regarding the captain's ship came from the British and that they had decided to seize and search her.

"*Frederick VIII,* where are you; an immediate answer demanded," came the call, but the ship surged forward. Officers with powerful telescopic glasses were sweeping the sea in quest of a ship, but none was seen. They kept their own vessel racing with the utmost velocity, they redoubled their efforts to make away and become lost to the searcher.

It was an interesting race, a fine show of power and endurance as the fore of the ship plowed through the moaning sea at early morn. Behind the great vessel was a briny furrow in the waves, evidencing that the powerful twin screws were working under the utmost pressure of superheated steam.

It was not until the bright orb of the sun had risen above the horizon that a British auxiliary cruiser came into full view. The ship's Marconi station had already answered the call, and the course of the vessel was bending to meet the ship of war. Much excitement prevailed among

the passengers, especially when the ship came to a full halt in response to a cannon shot from the intruder, and a shrill megaphone from the battleship announced, "You are wanted at Kirkwall."

Soon a small boat with officers and men came toward us and boarded the steamer, while the guns on the battleship constantly pointed at us. The officers and men who had come from the battleship immediately disconnected the wireless apparatus, at which an armed guard with a fixed bayonet was stationed. Other armed soldiers were detailed to guard different parts of the ship, in the front and rear, and on the different decks. At the same time a pilot took charge of and directed the steamer in the drive of about two hundred miles to the Wide Firth and through it to the Bay of Kirkwall.

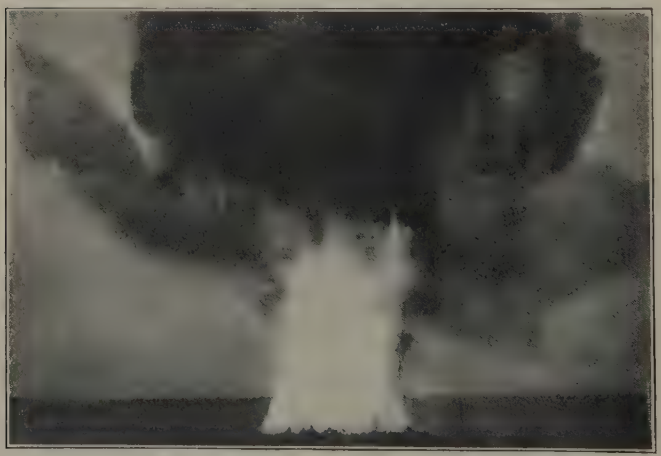
When nearing the narrow channel which affords entrance into the bay, several estates with imposing buildings became visible, near which were pastures and grounds for hunting rabbits and small game. Delightful cliffs and vales with interesting features were numerous.

But the passengers seemed to see only the nets set to catch submarines and the evidences of mines placed to prevent intrusion by the enemy.

An individual mine, capable of great destruction.

A flagship piloted our vessel through this hotbed of destruction, but it moved with the velocity of a snail. This precaution was necessary

The British auxiliary cruiser which arrested the neutral steamship *Frederick VIII.* and compelled it to be imprisoned seven days at Kirkwall.



Mines exploded and lighted the heavens and filled the air with fumes and smoke.

(Opp. 71)

because the danger of being blown to atoms was formidable.

To be deprived of personal freedom was in itself bad, but the presence of mines made the danger of sudden destruction probable. Everywhere I could see long strings of floaters that indicated the exact points of danger. Here and there I could observe large and ugly looking machines capable of producing death and annihilation at the slightest impulse.

At night, after the imprisonment had continued several days, a battle occurred at sea. Streaming searchlights shot far into the heavens as each side endeavored to keep sure of the exact location of the enemy. Shot and shell were thrown great distances as the heavy guns boomed forth with much noise and power. Mines exploded and lighted the heavens and filled the air with fumes and smoke.

And this is said to be civilization! In no line of enterprise have the races of culture exceeded the savage so much as in devising machines to ruin and kill! I heard and saw the dastardly work and became resigned to the conditions that surrounded me in this unfortunate place.

In the Bay of Kirkwall we spent seven days. The bleak and dismal hills of the Orkney Islands bounded our view, except towards the south, where we could see the small town of Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney County, Scotland, which nestles in a depression between the hills. On the first day the passports of the passengers were examined, for which purpose all on board passed before a British officer and Commander Andersen, each showing his papers and answering questions as to occupation, place of birth and purpose in traveling.

Our ship was anchored near the center of the bay, in the vicinity of many freighters, but no passenger vessels were seen. I counted fifteen vessels that had been hauled in, some of which were too far away to enable me to distinguish their names, which were near the water line, but in my notebook I recorded the names of the Muskogee of New York, the Pythia of Norway, the Minsk of Denmark, and the Ester, the Oregon, the Osterland, and the Gustav Adolf of Sweden. Each day some were released and others were brought into the bay to be searched

for contraband destined to the enemies of the entente allies.

It was difficult to secure information of the contents and the exact destination of these ships. The British soldiers on board were reluctant and divulged little. Finally an American passenger of Scotch descent with a Scotch brogue became interested and made himself agreeable with these soldiers; his Scottish appearance and manners won their confidence and to him they talked freely.

From this source, coupled with information obtained from other reliable quarters, it was learned that by far the larger number of these ships were destined for Scandinavian ports, while a few, loaded in part with chemicals of German manufacture, were bound for America. The ships sailing for Europe contained chiefly American wheat, meat, lard, cotton, corn and petroleum. This is in part an explanation of why the more important chemicals in the American market had advanced in price from fifty to five hundred per cent. It likewise contained the reason why the products of the farm

and factory were stagnated in the warehouses and on railways at New York and other eastern gateways of America.

It was also learned at Kirkwall that ships loaded with powder, dynamite, mines, grenades and other implements designed to burn property, wreck homes and destroy human life were permitted to sail without interference. In fact, such vessels were aided to move with the greatest facility. On the other hand, the ships that contained food for the hungry and appliances to take care of the sick and wounded were obstructed and delayed.

To my mind came the 12,000,000 refugees, cold and starving in the bleak winter of central Europe, who had flown as the army of the czar of Russia retreated eastward to the Dvinsk and the Dnieper rivers. I thought of the women and children of Poland, Servia and Belgium who needed succor and support. In my mind I could see the depressed serfs, poor and uneducated, who had escaped to Petrograd, where food prices had reached the high mark that only the rich could defray. Finally, I had in mind the

laboring elements of the Scandinavian countries, where necessaries were scarce and employment limited. These peoples, especially those who had flown from their homes, were suffering vastly more than the people of Germany by the restriction of trans-Atlantic trade.

Every moment at Kirkwall seemed like a day and every day like a cycle while we were held as prisoners in a strange land surrounded by mines, submarines and torpedo boats. British soldiers with fixed bayonets guarded the ship and the passengers were deprived of the privilege of telegraphing or writing to friends or consulting the consul representing their country. No one was permitted to set foot on shore or receive information and news from any source. It was strictly forbidden to take pictures, but this injunction was not obeyed by those who possessed kodaks.

Among the passengers was Mr. Niels Petersen, who had been in Canada and had taken pictures at the principal seaports, such as St. John, Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. His photographs included views of harbors, bridges,

railway terminals, stretches of highways and prominent buildings. He had been tracked to New York, where he was detected by British spies, and a telegram to Kirkwall by way of London demanded his arrest on the charge that he was guilty of espionage.

This party declared his innocence and claimed to be a Dane. He admitted having the photographs, but said they were taken for his personal study and for no other purpose. On the seventh day at Kirkwall he was taken from the ship as a spy and removed in a small boat. At the time of his arrest he was singing a patriotic song of Denmark, verses of which he continued singing as he was removed, and while taken away he waved his hand in farewell to the steamship that had carried him into the hands of his accusers. This was the last seen of him by the passengers; it is said he was taken to a detention camp and later imprisoned.

No one else and no part of the cargo were removed. The latter was allowed to go forward under bond that none of it would be permitted to enter Germany. Thus, after a delay of seven

days, without justification and contrary to international law, the steamship finally was piloted out of the bay and through the same field of mines which terrorized the passengers at the time of entry.

After leaving Kirkwall, the ship sailed almost continually in places of danger until Copenhagen was reached. Fields of mines were encountered in the Christiania Fjord as well as in the Skager-Rak, the Cattegat and portions of the Sound. However, I left the ship at Christiania to make a trip through Norway and Sweden before going to Copenhagen.

While at Kirkwall I was requested by a number of passengers to write two or three comic verses on the capture, detention and release of the vessel. Although I am not specially adept at telling a story or writing humorous literature of merit, I penned several as a substitute for the latter, of which the following is a sample:

WHEN WE SAILED FOR DENMARK

When we sailed for Denmark
Like Crusoe sailed of old,
Pirates caught us napping
And captured all our gold,
And captured all our gold.

But our gold was bacon
And gave them all the gout;
So the sickly pirates
Soon threw us down and out,
Soon threw us down and out.

Near a rocky island
We waited many a day
For final word from London,
So we might sail away,
So we might sail away.

Youngsters grew to manhood
And adults lost their sight,
But we kept on waiting,
A waiting day and night,
A waiting day and night.

Though we're growing aged,
We will not feel forlorn,
If we land in Denmark
Ere Gabriel blows his horn,
Ere Gabriel blows his horn.

IX

DIETING NORWAY AND SWEDEN

AT Christiania I was accompanied to Hotel Continental by Mr. H. O. Nordin, a building contractor of Chicago, who was en route to Sweden on business and remained in Norway only a short time. To this gentleman I am indebted for assistance in searching for evidence of the measures Great Britain had adopted to control and, if possible, disrupt the neutral trade across the Atlantic. He had taken kodak pictures of much value, including a number of views of the British cruiser that had stopped us and impressed the passengers to be imprisoned at Kirkwall.

British trade spies were numerous at the railway stations and in the vicinity of the docks. I saw them at restaurants and in the lobbies of the leading hotels, especially at the Grand, the Scandinavie, and the Continental. It was not

difficult to identify myself by using the *Sign of Silence,* which I had employed successfully at Albany, when the two companions of Mr. Fenwick were introduced to me. My knowledge of the purchase of horses, grain, cotton and meat by the allies in America interested them.

These spies were studying the register at the leading hotels so they might know the class of strangers who were in the city, whether German, Russian, French, etc., and the effect which the propaganda of these or any of them had upon public thought in Norway. They were concerned with the classes of goods imported and exported by Norway, particularly the volume of business transacted and with what nations trade relations were sustained. The data which the secret service men of the allies were tabulating were gathered with the view of securing information which would aid Great Britain to restrict the trade of Norway so closely that only sufficient imports to keep the country from starving would be moved.

From Christiania I went to Trondhjem and later to Hell, both seaports on fjords with deep

harbors. At both these places I found spies of the allies on the same mission as those at Christiania, but in addition also agents friendly to Russia who were counteracting the rising feeling against the czar and his alleged desire to annex northern Sweden and Norway, to secure an outlet through an open port on the Atlantic.

On my second day at Trondhjem, shortly after leaving the Grand Hotel, I met Mr. Solomon Lankelinsky, a Hebrew merchant, from whom I learned much of the Russian agents who were working to influence sentiment. In fact I had met many Jews and all with whom I came in contact expressed themselves anti-Russian.

At this time the campaign at the Dardanelles was in full swing, which the czar expected would be forced by the British and French, after which Constantinople would be captured and the whole region annexed to Russia to connect her commercially with the Mediterranean. Several secret agents of Russia I met here and at Hell made this solution in the near East the theme of conversation and promulgated discussion by

publishing articles regarding it in the newspapers. It appeared singular that these secret agents, although acting for Russia, conversed almost entirely in the German language, which tongue is spoken extensively in Warsaw and many large cities of Russia.

The harbor at Hell is not as advantageous in many respects as the one at Trondhjem and the town is of less importance, but it is located conveniently on the railway which crosses into Sweden and forms a continuous route to Sundvall, which, by steamship routes across the Bay of Bothnia, can be reached easily from Russia by way of Finland. It is not difficult to understand how important this route would be to Russia, especially in the time of war, as it would furnish an open sea and enable free communication for troops and supplies the entire year.

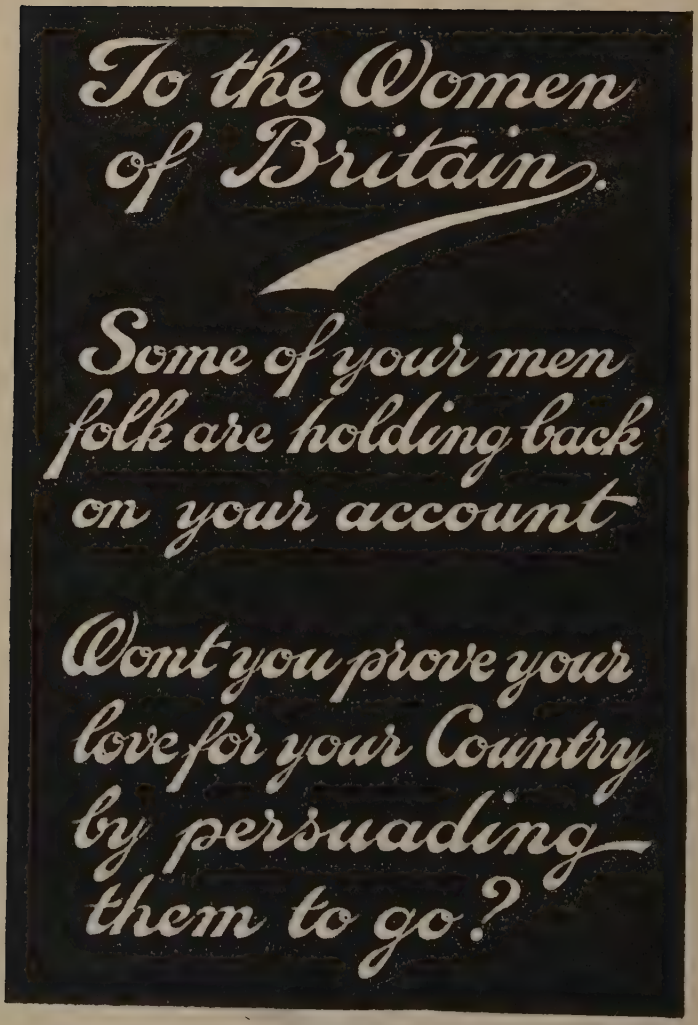
However, the secret agents of Russia, detailed to influence sentiment, were emphasizing the value of the Dardanelles as a Russian route by water. They repudiated the reports that the czar had any desire to annex any part of the Scandinavian Peninsula. But, in spite of this,

the shadow of the Russian bear was disturbing the suspecting Norwegians.

In the Swedish capital, the city of Stockholm, the secret service men likewise were abundant. They were active in the lobbies of the Grand, the Continental and the Central hotels. I met them in the city and in the suburbs, everywhere busy as bees. Here the work of spies was not so much concerned with commerce as with the study and direction of public sentiment, for which purpose they wrote for newspapers both in Sweden and in their own countries.

This was before the movement for conscription had made much progress in England, and the British were endeavoring in vain to induce men to join the army. One of the English secret agents showed me a poster that was being used to enlist the support of the women, thinking they would lend a hand to induce their husbands, sons or sweethearts to go to war. A reduced size of the printed form is shown in this book. Posters of this kind attracted much interest when they were shown to the Swedes.

Sweden has a long history of progress in art,


To the Women of Britain.
Some of your men folk are holding back on your account
Wont you prove your love for your Country by persuading them to go?

Sample poster used by the British to induce the women to support the war.

science and learning. Intellectually she compares with Russia as the brightest day does with the darkest night. From the standpoint of universal education she has greatly outranked both France and England for many decades. Her people, humiliated by the interference of trade through the British, had become restive and were openly declaring their opposition on the platform and through the press. Secret service men of both sides in the great war were on the ground to learn of the trend of affairs and, if possible, influence them so as to make them more favorable to the country they represented.

On the eighteenth of October I ticketed for Malmö by way of Nörrkoping, taking the train from the central station. The seat opposite mine in the well-cushioned compartment was occupied by a lady of middle age. She kept her suit case near her seat as if she feared it might become lost.

Little was said at the beginning of the trip. She took observations through the window of the compartment, especially of the outlying districts

of the city, a part of which is known as Gamle Stockholm, and seemed interested in the fields, gardens and forests.

I busied myself reading in a guide of Sweden.

Pointing my finger at her, I said: "You are a Russian spy and the evidence is in your suit case."

At length we began a conversation. She tried to convey the idea that she spoke no language but Swedish, but I soon discovered her accent to be

that of a Slav and that she was able to converse freely in German.

Pointing my finger at her, I said, "You are a Russian spy and the evidence is in your suit case."

To me it seemed that her face displayed all the colors of the rainbow. She threw up her hands excitedly, moving them up and down like a country pedlar.

"Sir," she said at length, "you surprise me, you offend my loyalty. Why accuse me for no other reason than that I am a Russian?"

"Calm yourself, madam," I replied. "Although I am an American, I know of your work and have you noted in a list of people who are practicing espionage. However, you need not fear me in the least. I am neutral and am interested in you only as a matter of general information."

Then I showed her my American passport and many letters of identification, in which manner she was led to confide in me. My guess had proven a correct one.

She gave her name as Miss Michailowitsch

and showed me some letters to bear out her statement. The work she was doing consisted of coöperating with others in watching Finland, where the men of military age had become restive and many were emigrating. It was her special business to observe these people and, if possible, to learn who and how many were joining the German army in Poland and on the Dvinsk River.

I left the train at Nörrkoping while Miss Michailowitsch went on to Malmö. At the time of leaving the train, I advised her to change her occupation, if she valued her life. This admonition elicited a bland smile.

The next day I took the same train for southern Sweden, which is the best agricultural section of the Scandinavian Peninsula.

At the seaport of Malmö, the southern outlet of Sweden, secret service men again turned attention to commercial lines rather than to a propaganda to create favor in public opinion for the entente allies. These spies studied the Swedish imports and exports as to kind, quantity, source and destination. Much of the

coastal waters in this vicinity had been mined as a protection to trade, but a number of British submarines had found their way into the Baltic and were actively seeking to destroy the shipping between Germany and the ports of lower Sweden.

Opposite the equestrian statue of Carl X., in the Stortorget, I entered Hotel Standard, at which I engaged quarters. Here and at other hotels, especially at Hotel Kramer and Hotel Savoy, were many secret agents of England and Germany, whose activities were not confined to Malmö but rather to the southern part of Sweden, including the ports of Göteborg, Trelleborg and Karlskrona.

The customs house, an imposing structure of brick and stone, was busy in the affairs of trade with Denmark and Germany. At first sight the parcels and boxes which made up the great cargoes that were loading and unloading looked regular, but closer inspection convinced me, in the manner of the experience at the early stages of prohibition in Kansas, that the outside of a sealed package may be more innocent than the

inside. Although I had some unavoidable doubts, I kept my own counsel and said nothing.

Germany had possession of the great coal fields of France and Belgium, which she was working as extensively as they were worked in the time of peace, hence both France and Italy depended largely on England for fuel to keep the hearths warm and enable the factories and railways to operate. This was about all England could do in addition to supplying her own needs, but it was not so with the Germans. Indeed, Germany had coal to sell in large quantities, thanks to the employment of war-prison labor. Not only Sweden, Denmark and Norway were depending upon Germany for coal, but also Holland and Switzerland.

This paved the way for an exchange of products. Germany was very friendly to the Scandinavian countries and would not let them suffer, but in return she required certain quantities of produce, such as fish, oil, grain and textile products. This exchange element in the trade explains very largely the busy life I saw in the ports of the Scandinavian countries which I visited.

North of west from Malmö, across the Sound, is Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. The ride by steamer in the time of peace does not require over two hours, but this water was now protected by mines and nets, hence the circuitous route necessary to evade danger lengthened the trip to four hours.

The Sound is a busy water. On it float innumerable steamers and many crafts of fishermen plying their art. The ride was pleasant, rather cold but not windy, and I reached the Danish capital just after night had called into use thousands of electric lights on the streets and along the famous Langelinie.

X

IN THE DANISH CAPITAL

THE steamer ran into port at Havnegade, which is the landing place for the vessels crossing the Sound, and I made haste to Hotel Central, on Raadhuspladsen. At this hotel and at general postal delivery I expected mail from America and from secret agents I had met at New York and at various places in Europe. The mailman was liberal and gave me many letters and packages, small and large, which reminded me of an American mail order house. Had I been in a country at war, where strangers were carefully watched, I would have been under no mild suspicion.

At Hotel Central I found many guests from Germany and Austria-Hungary. Indeed, all the employees spoke German and much of the conversation heard at the tables was in that tongue. This is a very natural condition, a

situation which I had expected before I reached the city, because Germany is nearer Denmark geographically than any other of the larger countries and the trade and intercourse between the two nations are very extensive.

The first evening, after a hasty meal, I made a trip to the leading hotels, including the Bristol, the Cosmopolite, the Dagmar, the Palads, the Monopol and the Grand Hotel National. By this initial but rapid tour it was possible to locate the places where strangers gather and to feel the pulse of commerce and public sentiment. My first impression was right: "Copenhagen is at present the Babel of travel and the Mecca of European secret service work."

No introduction is needed in the best cafes and restaurants. When at the Wewel, the Alhambra, the Grand National or any other of the high-class eating houses, the introduction may be personal. That is, if a lady or gentleman is unaccompanied and you wish an acquaintance, all you need to do is to invite her or him to dine or attend theater with you. If appearances are favorable, and here they usu-

ally are because only well-dressed people are admitted, the invitation generally is accepted. This is the custom of the country and is practiced very extensively.

It must be remembered, too, that the people as a whole are well accomplished in the art of conversation. They speak three or four languages and know much of history and the themes of art and literature. The larger number, both ladies and gentlemen, like some form of alcoholic beverage, chiefly wine and beer, and nearly all smoke; the ladies smoke cigarettes and the gentlemen almost universally use cigars. My first choice was coffee and my second choice was tea; this is as far as I could go on intoxicants, but I could match most of the Danes in the use of languages.

When I was about to retire for the night, while on my way back to the hotel, I met a man who wanted to sell me a lead pencil. I purchased, but at the same time studied the expression of his face, which seemed to tell a story of a different life than that of the street vendor. He limped while stepping on his right foot and carried a rather elegant looking cane.

DEATH AND SORROW IN COPENHAGEN

Two men hailed me at Raadhuspladsen and wanted to take my photograph. Being likeable fellows, I engaged them to take pictures in different parts of the city. These included one at the Hellig Aand Kirke (Holy Ghost Church), where the fine figure of Death and Sorrow is located.

These men were spies. They were posing as photographers, but their business was to represent England in secret service work. This they admitted with unusual frankness and showed me pictures they had made of many freight transports.

I told them I might as well appear in this picture as anywhere else in Europe which, indeed, was a hotbed of death and sorrow. The monument represents the Mother lying in sorrow on the ground, while Death is hastening away with her Child in order to catch the next victim.

The next morning I was ready to begin my study of the places where I was specially interested, that is at the libraries, art galleries and museums, but these institutions were not open until eleven o'clock, hence I had several hours every morning and evening to interest myself in the effect of war upon the neutral countries.

On Raadhuspladsen I met several men who were taking pictures for travelers. They were agreeable looking fellows and I engaged them to take several views for me, including one of the monument known as *Death and Sorrow,* which is a fine bronze piece near the Hellig Aand Church. It was not long until I made the discovery that these men were spies. Indeed, I found spies disguised as street vendors, newspaper sellers, bootblacks, interpreters, guides and as workers in many other common callings. At the Bristol Hotel I met several spies to whom Mr. Fenwick had referred me while I was in New York. This gave spice to my leisure moments and stimulated interest in the war.

After I had been in Copenhagen several days,

late in the afternoon, I decided to go to the docks and shipping yards to take observations of the freight which was moving through the city. Here I discovered a man making notations of cars which were either loading or unloading. These cars were from the continent and were marked from different places, such as Bromberg, Dresden, Munich, Bautzen and other cities of Germany.

Here was the clue that Denmark was trading extensively with the Central Powers. This spy was listing the cars and steamships engaged in this trade; he was taking the names of the ships and cars and making a record of the commodities in which trading was done. After observing his work for some time, I made my presence known and found him to be the street vendor from whom I had purchased a lead pencil on my first evening in the city, but he was now posing as a railroad official and held his cane before him as he walked rapidly away.

It did not require much time for the street vendor, who pretended to be lame as he leaned upon his cane, to dent the crown of his hat and

assume the more important attitude of a railway and steamboat inspector. He may have deceived others a long time, but I was on his trail and discovered his smart delusion much sooner than he expected.

The spy who pretended to be a lame street vendor, but who afterward posed as a railway official and held his cane before him as he walked rapidly away.

Great Britain had already notified Denmark that she would control the imports and exports

of the Danes, that she would exercise the right of search on ships crossing the seas, and now a movement was on foot to study by secret methods the trade in domestic productions with the view of ultimately controlling all the foreign commercial business of the country as well as the foreign commerce of Norway and Sweden.

This is still further explained by the case of a Dane, Andrew Christiansen, who was pretending to be a guide and interpreter, but who was employed by the British and their allies as a spy and detailed to make a record of the passengers who were going out and coming into Copenhagen on the daily trains to and from Berlin and Hamburg. I met him many times and engaged him in conversation. He and a company of other secret service men were promulgating the idea everywhere that Germany expected to invade and annex Denmark.

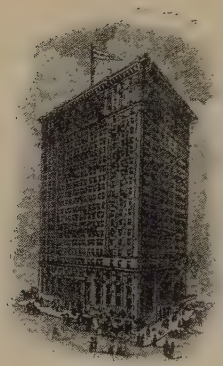
London was living in the dark at night, fearing attacks by German aviators, and the Danes were being influenced to feel unfriendly to their Teuton neighbors as a means of resenting less vigorously the British encroachment on Danish

commerce. Articles published from time to time in such newspapers as the *Hovedstaden* and the *Berlingske Tidende* in spirit supported the work of several dozen secret service men employed by the British allies in the Danish capital to influence sentiment against Germany.

Several times I invited a number of the spies that I met at the Bristol Hotel to accompany me to entertainments, including a certain John Denton, a friend of Mr. Fenwick, who went with me to the Scala Theater, where a comic opera known as *Polsk Blod* was presented. This gentleman entertained much and came in contact with many prominent Danes.

I gave him the letter written by Mr. Fenwick at New York, but not before I made a copy of it, thinking this precaution would serve my purpose to an advantage elsewhere. Later, when I returned to New York, I secured stationery and had duplicate copies written on letterheads of Hotel Belmont, one of which is shown on another page of this book.

Mr. Denton was profuse in publishing the charge that Germany expected to annex Den-



Hotel Belmont

FORTY-SECOND ST.
AT PARK AVENUE
(OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL)

CABLE ADDRESS "MONTBEL"

B.L.M. BATES.

New York.

September 21, 1915.

My dear Mr. Denton:

This letter will introduce the bearer, an Australian by birth, with whom I had a pleasant evening in New York. He will see you at Hotel Bristol and tell you of our meeting.

We are hitting the ships of neutral countries hard and the new ship Stockholm built by the Swedes will not do much. It begins to look as though we will starve Germany and will also kill the competition in trade with the neutrals.

Yours, etc.,

John Fenwick.

Mr. Jas. Denton,
Copenhagen

mark. He said: "In 1864 Germany forced Denmark to give up Schleswig-Holstein, which the Danes have not forgotten and will not forget until it is restored and in addition the Kiel Canal is annexed to Denmark."

"On the other hand," said I, "many Danes think the greater crime against Denmark was committed in 1807, when the British destroyed the Danish fleet and burned most of Copenhagen to make England instead of Denmark the mistress of the sea."

"Yes," he answered, "but this is over a hundred years ago and since then England has had a change of heart. The British may, in order to starve Germany, make it unpleasant for Denmark, but she will not do more to the Danes than to control their commerce."

"So you think England has had a change of heart! Your views do not agree with the boast of many English politicians who proclaim that Great Britain expects to conquer and control the earth. How about Canada, Australia, South Africa, Egypt and the remainder of the domain she is holding?"

"O, these comprise conquered territory and of right belong to her," he replied.

"The United States has set an example to be emulated," I said. "Our country took Cuba over only for so long a time as was necessary to enable the island to develop a safe and stable government. This is true likewise of the Philippines, which probably will become equally independent within the next decade."

"That may be a good policy for a country which has no world-wide ambition, but England set out a century ago to control the commerce of the world and this policy she will maintain," he said.

"But suppose," I replied, "the United States would unite with the neutral countries of America and Europe in positive action against Great Britain for this interference with their trade, claiming they rightfully are entitled to and must have absolute freedom of the sea."

"Then," said he, "England may be compelled to back down, but the United States will not do it. Americans are money mad; they will sell their souls for money, and for this reason will not assume or maintain high ideals of justice."

Continuing, I said: "America might place an embargo on the exportation of munitions of war, forbid floating war loans, censor the cable and telegram communications of the allies, and finally convoke a convention of neutral nations to retaliate against the British restrictions of trade. All these measures have been considered in America."

"All these are possible," he replied, "but the entente allies do not fear America and will do as they think best and promote their own causes to the best advantage for themselves. England has the strongest navy in the world and will not permit any nation to surpass her or successfully compete with her in commerce on the high sea, not even America. President Wilson is expected to do little more than protest mildly against England so long as he can be induced by British friends in America to give his attention to German submarine warfare."

This conversation is about an average of what was heard by those who came in contact with spies of the allies. On the other hand, German secret service men contended that their govern-

ment considered it of interest to the Fatherland to protect the independence of Denmark. They claimed that the many islands, separated by navigable channels, which make up the kingdom of Denmark, are difficult to defend, and, for that reason, the country is a secure protection to the northern coast of Germany so long as it remains neutral.

As a whole, Copenhagen was in the midst of great prosperity. The Nordisk Magasin and other great stores were well stocked with goods and trading was brisk. At the Borsen (Board of Trade) excitement was at fever heat as grain, meat and other produce rose or fell on the market. In short, the Danish capital had become the Mecca of trading, the center of travel and the heart of theaters and other amusements.

After some time of interesting visits and conversations, I left Copenhagen to go partly by train and partly by steamer to Berlin, making the trip to Germany by way of Warnemünde. This is the port on the Baltic Sea through which the German capital and the interior of Europe may be reached most conveniently.

XI

LIKE SMELLING POWDER

THE trade between Copenhagen and Berlin has been a large enterprise for many years. Two daily vestibuled trains carry the through passenger business, one of these leaving each city in the morning and reaching the other metropolis in the evening.

About one hundred and fifty passengers were on each of these trains at the time I was making the trip. They consisted chiefly of people interested in business and included quite a number who were leaving for America or returning to visit their old home. Few tourists were to be seen. As a student and writer, I appeared to be alone in my class.

Denmark being made up largely of islands, the train crosses the first piece of land to Maasnedo, where the passengers transfer to a boat and in about twenty minutes reach the village

of Ourehoved. Here they take a train for Gjedser, which is reached in half an hour, and then transfer to a larger steamer which carries them across an arm of the Baltic Sea to Germany.

This trip impresses the traveler with the importance of international commerce, with the dependence that one nation has upon other peoples. It also affords an opportunity to see the wonderful and far-reaching preparations that had been made to defend the German coast against the enemy. On every hand were evidences of preparedness to repel an attack or an invasion; everywhere could be seen measures of protection. It gave the effect upon the mind that a civilian has when he hears the bursting of shells and smells the fumes of exploding powder.

The steamship had hardly landed when a voice announced in clear tones, "Those taking the train for Hamburg are to enter first; those going on the train for Berlin will wait until the Hamburg passengers have landed."

That meant a brief delay for me and I con-

cluded to utilize the time profitably. I observed that the officers spoke in the Plattdeutsch, that is in the dialect of North Germany, and, when they communicated in German, they used the clear tongue for which the Holstein people are noted. This gave me the hint that I would have no trouble in passing the very scrutinizing examination which those who entered Germany at the time of war were required to undergo.

Several years before I had a similar experience at Winnipeg, where the Canadian government had stationed some soldiers to guard a part of the city in the time of local trouble. To pass through a part of the closed district, to be able to meet a person I wanted to see, it was necessary to win the good will of an officer.

This officer was of Scottish descent, hence I planned to use a few sentences in the brogue of the Scots. The effect was magical. It caused the officer to open his eyes like the bosom of Loch Lomond and to give his permission for my passage.

Instead of crowding forward and elbowing my way through the crowd at Warnemünde, I

came near the last part of the line with my passport and hand baggage. When I reached the first officer of half a dozen who were conducting the examination, I said, "Na, hir spräken de Lüt Plattdütsch, und ick bin rekt tau Hus," meaning, "Surely, here the people speak Plattdeutsch, and I am really at home."

After this the conversation was largely in the local dialect and I had no difficulty in entering the borders of the Fatherland. Indeed, the officers, feeling assured of my mission of study and investigation, extended assistance by telling me of many places of interest that I should visit in Berlin and in the country along the line of my investigations.

The train had become belated because of the examination and the delay would make me late at Berlin. At first I thought of stopping overnight at Warnemünde, but learned that the town was a closed military camp, no stranger being permitted to enter the place without a permit from the authorities at the capital. I wanted to make the ride entirely by daytime, but, under the circumstances, boarded the train with the other passengers.

A favorable seat was assigned to me in one of the compartment cars. It was opposite a reservation occupied by a young lady, and I engaged her in conversation. She had come from New York and was on a trip to Ballenstadt for a visit. From her I learned that the ladies had been ushered into private rooms for examination by female officers, who required them to remove their clothes. The examinations, from information secured at Christiania, were identical in this respect to those required in England.

At first it seemed strange that both the person and the clothes as well as all the baggage were examined, but it was not long until I found proof that such precautions were necessary. This I learned by observing a Dane, an engineer, who occupied a seat near mine. He constantly held the thumb of the left hand across the palm and this attracted my attention. At first it occurred to me that he had a crippled limb or some slight defect, but soon I noticed that he was concealing something.

I remained constantly with him. At the first

opportunity I had to speak to him privately, which was not long, I inquired about his secret message. He became nervous and resented my impertinence. In this I did not blame him, but I felt sure he must either confide in me or destroy whatever he was concealing.

He chose the former course and showed me his message in miniature. It proved to be a harmless note, a letter sent by a friend in Odense to a relative in Berlin, under the false impression that correspondence of friendship was prohibited. In fact, it was dangerous to conceal such a letter or anything else, but the letter itself was entirely proper and permissible.

I had not been in Germany many days until I learned from personal observation that some travelers I met professed friendship for Germany and in spite of their professions were false and dangerous enemies. To me it seemed, in view of this fact, that the authorities leaned rather on the side of leniency than on the side of severity. In all public places was the notice:

SOLDATEN
VORSICHT IN GESPRÄCHEN
SPIONENGEFAHR

The translation is as follows: Soldiers, careful in conversations; danger of spies!

That there was an invasion of spies and secret service men, mostly representing England and France, I learned soon after I reached the large cities of Germany. They were disguised in various ways, as laborers, students and professional and business men. At the Nordland, the Fürstenhof, the Europäischerhof and other hotels I met many that I put on the suspicious list, but I evaded them lest they might draw me into trouble and annoyances. In this I chose the wiser course, as several Americans I met were innocently thrown into difficulties in this way.

XII

VISITS WITH CLAUS BRAVO

THE restrictions on those who made application to visit the front, to inspect the fortifications in the near-war zone and to see action in the trenches, had become very stringent when I reached Berlin. It was not so at the beginning of the war, when considerable latitude was given newspaper reporters and students of military tactics, but deception of professed friends and many aggravated instances of espionage caused the change of policy.

Now the *Oberhaupt Commando* had absolute charge of all places considered important from a military or naval standpoint. Those who could make a satisfactory showing, who were trustworthy and had a reasonable purpose, received passes, but the examination was thorough and action in granting concessions was slow.

I learned in Breslau, while in consultation with Hon. Harry G. Seltzer, the American consul, that the newspaper reporters from foreign countries had been greatly restricted or were barred from places of importance, where action was in progress or where supplies, such as provisions and ammunition, were stored. Those who were permitted to visit these places had difficulties in having their reports pass the veto of the censor.

These circumstances had developed various methods in obtaining information in Germany as well as in England and elsewhere. One common method was to visit the larger cities near the border, such as Breslau, Bromberg and Karlsruhe, there to learn as much as possible by conversing with the people and reading the newspapers. After that the wily reporter would make a trip to some neutral city, such as Amsterdam or Copenhagen, where the reports were written and placed in the mails. This method had the advantage of escaping the censor, the dates were changed in America, and the American reader was delighted with something sensational!

I had been in Berlin more than three weeks, had consulted with the American ambassador, Hon. James W. Gerard; with Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett and Mr. Robert J. Thompson, American newspaper reporters; with members of the German parliament, and many officials in civic and military positions, including Herr Gottlieb von Jagow, the German secretary of foreign affairs, before I obtained privileges to visit prison camps, border fortifications and fields in the east where action had destroyed cities and devastated the country.

After I had traveled to inspect the points which I wanted to visit, I began to plan to learn from first hand experience the strange and horrible action and destruction in war. It was my purpose to meet those who had fought at the front and had been in the thick of the fight at noted engagements. In this manner I obtained information by personal inspection and at the same time saw safely by proxy what would otherwise be dangerous and impossible.

A trip on business to Zehlendorf, a thriving suburb of Berlin, where I had gone to examine

a residence that had been advertised for sale, brought me in contact with a number of soldiers who had fought both in the east and the west and who were home on a furlough because of wounds. I cultivated the acquaintance of these soldiers, which required several trips to Zehlendorf, as it was necessary to win their confidence. The story of one of these, Claus Bravo, so strange and interesting, impressed me greatly. I recite it here as he confided it to me, omitting nothing, not even the details, which were then prohibited by military restrictions.

Claus Bravo had reached the age of thirty when the war began. He had been trained as a soldier, but was engaged in the business of a building contractor, and volunteered to serve in the artillery against Russia. In the memorable campaign of the Mazurian Lakes, which made the name of General von Hindenburg historical, he was awarded the Iron Cross for bravery in action. Later he took part in the assaults upon Warsaw, Novogeorgievsk and Brest-Litovsk. In the latter he was wounded in the left shoulder and captured.

The capture of Claus Bravo was not the result of miscalculation by German leadership, for the campaign against the entrenchments and the solid walls and abutments of Brest-Litovsk had been planned and executed with the utmost precision. The largest siege guns ever employed in modern warfare, known among the Germans as "Big Berthas," so-called from Bertha Krupp, daughter of the late Alfred Krupp of Essen, were on the field of action. These huge steel monsters with great gaping mouths, loaded with tons of steel and explosive bullets, were fired by means of wire cables, attached at one end to the trigger of the cannon and at the other end to a station in the ground. Claus Bravo and his comrades, after charging the great cannon, found safety from the sudden explosion by disappearing in the underground stations, where they pulled the wires and thereby caused the machines to belch forth. Had they remained on the surface, near the cannon, the sudden rupture would have destroyed their nerves and made them deaf and, perhaps, blind and insane.

BATTLE FIELD HYENAS

The battle fields are infested by spies and thieves. These two classes do not work together, but as separate and distinct classes.

The spies are most numerous before and during engagements, when they endeavor to learn of the strength, equipment and plans of the enemy. In many cases they remain on or near the field of action after the battle, hoping to gather information which will aid in further action.

The thieves commonly follow the engagements to steal food and clothing. The illustration shows a number of spies and thieves that were captured in Russia. No quarters are given to such captives.

(Opp. 117)

Overhead, like a mere speck of dust, hovered the flotilla of *taubes* and double deckers which signaled to the men at the big guns. These flying crafts could be seen only by means of powerful telescopes, but their signals, given by throwing out milk-colored dust, had indicated the effective results of the explosions as they struck terror to the fortifications of Brest-Litovsk.

The center of the city was fully twenty miles away, but every few seconds after the great cannon belched forth a miniature earthquake was caused when tons of explosives fell in its midst. Those near one of these projectiles when it fell, although not even struck by a fragment, were killed or made insane by the terrific explosion. Under this high pressure of the Teutonic attacks the czar's forces were soon defeated and compelled to retreat toward the marshes of the Pripet, which was the only avenue left open for escape.

Scouting lancers had made numerous incursions into Russian territory, advancing far beyond the line of safety, so eager had they been

to find the best highways on which the army could advance. In a thicket of willows near a small stream, well sheltered and hidden by pine and deciduous forests, they suddenly came upon a camp of spies and thieves.

These pests and leeches of the battle fields were brought to the camp where Claus Bravo was quartered. Among the captured articles were many letters and other communications which were employed as evidence against those who had been charged with espionage. The evidences of field vandalism included parts of ears and fingers cut from slain soldiers. These parts contained rings and were so enlarged that the jewelry could not be easily removed, hence parts of the body were taken to secure the rings.

The capture of Claus Bravo, as stated before in this chapter, was not the result of miscalculation, but, instead, resulted from a lure employed by the Russians to mislead a number of wounded Teutons. These wounded soldiers had been placed in a farm home that had become greatly damaged from Russian shot before the Slavs had retreated. On the roof of the build-

Illustration to show how dummy figures are used to mislead the enemy in an attack

(Opp. 118)

ing, in order to mislead the latter, several figures had been placed as a target for unfriendly attack. Here the wounded were to remain until rescued with an auto-ambulance by the Red Cross corps.

Before the rescuing party could arrive, a detachment of soldiers in German uniforms, wearing the familiar spiked and helmeted caps, was seen in the distance. They were approaching the building and fired several volleys of shots at the figures on the roof as they approached. However, the approaching soldiers were not Germans, but, instead, they were Russians who had put on the field-gray uniforms of the kaiser's men. No one within returned the fire, knowing that defense and escape of the wounded soldiers were out of the question.

When the Russians discovered whom they had captured, they ordered the wounded soldiers out of the building and set it on fire. Those unable to walk were left on the greensward to shift for themselves or to die, depending upon their condition, and the others were taken captive for ultimate transportation to Siberia. Claus Bravo was among the prisoners.

XIII

THE IMPRISONMENT AND RELEASE

THE march of Claus Bravo, wounded in the shoulder and carrying his left arm in a support, was difficult. At last, after several days of dreary and tiresome walking with little rest and scant food, he reached Pinsk, where he was quartered for two weeks in a barn. The roof leaked when it rained and the raw, moist wind blew the larger part of the time, entering freely through the cracks in the walls. His bed consisted of straw; the covering was nothing more than three sacks of gunny cloth sewed together with wrapping cord.

Although this habitation in itself was bad, being damp and cold, it was made doubly worse by the large number of soldiers, many ill and severely wounded, who were crowded together. The day seemed long and dreary, but the night, disturbed by the groans and sobs of sick and

dying men, was a hideous torture. Nearly every morning one or more men who had died in the night were dragged out to be buried in the potters' field.

Dirt, disease and vermin were thinning the ranks of the prisoners. Many who came well and strong had grown sick; few had sufficient vigor of constitution to endure cold and neglect very long. They needed suitable food, medical attention and protection against exposure and vermin.

It seemed a relief to Claus Bravo to be taken from the barn at Pinsk and placed on a train which was destined for the prison camps of far-away Siberia, although the reports that had come from that haven of prisoners were not favorable. Many had died of want and exposure in the cold atmosphere; others had been made invalids while at work in the forests and mines of the far north. However, any kind of a change seemed to be better than to remain in the barn at Pinsk.

Although thousands of refugees had flown from Poland and surged eastward as the army

of the czar retreated, there were still innumerable hordes fleeing to escape the battle line that was steadily falling back before the victorious march of the Germans. Many peasants, with carts drawn by cows and oxen, were seen along the roadsides in the flight toward Moscow and eastward in the direction of the Ural Mountains. The freight cars were filled with fleeing women and children who could not walk. Families were separated and scattered without the slightest prospect of ever again becoming united. Children and even babes were seen wandering alone in search of food and shelter.

Claus Bravo was assigned to one of twenty freight cars that made up the train. His place was on a thin bed of straw at one end of the car. Every available inch of space on the floor was occupied by a human form, in a car that had recently been used to transport swine. The movement of the train was subject to the transportation of soldiers and war supplies to the battle line, hence the progress eastward was slow and uncertain. Sometimes the train was in motion only half an hour, when it halted to

permit a limited or special train to pass, and sometimes it ran long distances, but the speed ahead never was fast or safe.

The cars, being of a poor class of Russian freight wagons, made the transportation inhumanly torturous to the sick and wounded, which, in fact, were the only passengers. Men and women groaned with pain, hunger and thirst. The water, what little was obtainable, was insanitary and the food was scarce and unwholesome. Sometimes raw meat, sometimes hard, black bread, and sometimes whole, uncooked rye and wheat were offered to those who were already slowly dying of want and starvation.

A Jewish woman who had given birth to a child had died in the night. No one knew of her death, as all on board were so depressed with pain and want of food that they knew little aside from their own misery. The condition of this unfortunate woman and child, cold in death, was not discovered until two days after death had relieved them of their suffering. A brakeman was apprised of these facts at the next stopping

place, but he paid no attention to the dead bodies and the train moved on in its woeful course.

Ultimately, after it became apparent that the officers of the train would give no attention to the corpses, it was planned to expunge them secretly from the car. Two men cleared the way to the side door of the freight car and dragged the bodies forward. As the train rolled onward at a place where a long curve occurred, at the time the engine and the men on the locomotive were hidden from view, the dead bodies were hurled from the train. Moving with the momentum of the train, the body of the mother, deflected from the usual course by the force that threw it out, became lodged against an embankment of the railway right-of-way, probably to be the prey of hungry wolves that infest the woods of Smolensk.

Every day of the long slow ride to Moscow was as eventful as the beginning of the trip. Children were born and many people died from neglect and without medical attention. Those who survived found great multitudes of refugees, in rags and want, at the Moscovite city on

the Moskva River. Thousands, it is true, had passed further eastward in the stream of people who had left their homes and had flown before the invading Teutons since the early spring of 1915, but thousands more were coming by the trains and highways leading into the city.

Diplomatic negotiations between Germany and Russia, through the kindly offices of Sweden, had reached the point whereby wounded prisoners, whose injuries were such that they could under no conditions return to the field of action, might be exchanged. This number included Claus Bravo. Although his wound at first appeared slight, the want of medical attention and the lack of proper care and food while in transit to Moscow had made his case very dangerous. Accordingly, he was returned by way of Petrograd, through Finland and along the eastern shore of the Gulf of Bothnia, to Haparanda, Sweden, where he was exchanged for an incapacitated Russian prisoner who had been captured in the campaign against Riga.

Finally, after serving his country with the determination that drove the Slav out of Ger-

many and far east to the Dvinsk and the Dnieper, after an unusual experience of capture, imprisonment and exchange, he returned to his friends a sick and incapacitated man. I listened with a never-failing interest to his narrations of the deeds and experiences that only war can make possible.

The last time I visited Zehlendorf and walked with Claus Bravo through the beautiful city park of tall pines, which nowhere are more majestic, I asked him to tell me what he thought to be the reason why the Germans had been so remarkably successful in the great struggle, driving armies before them in decisive battle-fields on all the fronts.

He took my hand in his and said: "The helping hand of God, which, inspiring faith and hope, called every Teuton to the defense of the Fatherland and guided him at all times in the tide of events; every German state from the Memel to the Rhine, from the North Sea to the Bavarian Alps, rallied her sons and every mother supported them in prayer. This faith and hope, these prayers, this unity and brother-

hood of purpose common to the Germans, while the enemies disputed and quarreled among themselves, won the fields in the east and west and defeated the foe in a thousand charges. The Germans dare and do; therefore they have turned failure to success, and, as Bismarck said: 'We Germans fear God; otherwise, none in the world.' "

These were the parting words of Claus Bravo. The more I thought of what he said, the more I become convinced of the courage of the German nation and her purpose in maintaining her national integrity. The following lines are not my words, but they were written to embody the thoughts spoken by this faithful defender of the Teutonic eagles with whom I had spent many interesting hours:

THERE IS NO HOME

There is no home in all the German land
That has not felt the presence of God's helping hand,
In guiding through the course of time and tide
And giving faith and hope which still within abide.

There is no home from Memel to the Rhine
Which did not send a sword out to the fighting line,
In which a mother's heart did not in prayer yearn
For vict'ry and the safety of the son's return.

It is this faith, still linked with earnest prayer,
Which nerved the German hosts to do and dare,
It is this hope which swells within the breast
That held the field both in the east and west.

While others doubted and by quarrels were rent,
The German eagles, still in their course unbent,
Struck terror to the heart of yielding foe
And laid him in a thousand charges low.

No voice is known within the German tongue
Which in the War of Worlds defeat has sung,
For all the voices echo out anew
That victory comes to those who dare and do!

XIV

SECRET SERVICE MEN AT WARSAW

THE shortest trip from Berlin to Warsaw is by way of Bromberg and Thorn, but I chose the route going through Breslau-Oppeln-Czestochowa, the last mentioned town being in Russia, which takes the traveler through Skierniewice and enters Warsaw from the southwest. In returning, I chose the route Skierniewice-Alexandrowa, which, in Germany, is the line Thorn-Bromberg-Schneidemühle-Berlin.

This route permits the traveler to see much of the farming districts in eastern Germany and a large part of Poland, which, by the way, is no mean ambition in the time of war. Here as nowhere else is exemplified the great faith the Germans had in the soil as a mainstay of success. They had gone into partnership with nature to work out their salvation.

All the fine forests of pine and oak, forestry

being a fixed industry, were intact from the waste of war. Indeed, not a single trace of cutting was observed until the train entered Poland, where the ravages of battle had swept through the forests like a cyclone, but only in streaks or belts. The country as a whole showed little cutting, except for repairs of bridges and buildings that had been damaged or destroyed. In some sections were establishments for the manufacture of wood alcohol, which to some extent took the place of gasoline and benzine in automobiles.

The cultivated lands were either green with growing winter rye and wheat or were plowed and harrowed ready to receive the seed in spring. Where the husband was away at war, the wife and children harvested the crop and planted for the coming year, or the neighbors came to their assistance. In many fields I saw prisoners, under the direction of soldiers, working with the ardor of a Maud Muller, no doubt thinking of the sad words, "It might have been."

Germany is capable of producing about

ninety-two per cent. of her food products in the time of peace. War developed new economic requirements and she was utilizing her resources to meet them by putting the plowshare into every roadside susceptible of cultivation, not only in Germany, but also in the occupied lands of France, Belgium, Russia and Servia. Although everybody had plenty to eat, all the grain, meat, vegetables, nuts and milk were conserved to furnish the greatest possible support.

My entrance into the Polish capital was without formality. I went at once to Hotel Rom, where I left my hand baggage, and then reported at the police station. The fact that I had announced myself as a literary writer (Schriftsteller) seemed to entitle me to more than ordinary courtesies.

In the afternoon of my first day in the city, while near the main building of the university, I met a young man who was walking leisurely. He was holding a cane and was resting his chin upon his right hand.

Not long afterward, in an angular street near by, I saw a person who reminded me of the young

man I had met shortly before. His pants seemed to be made of the same kind of woolen goods, but his hat and coat appeared different.

This young man had a coat with two sides suitable for outside wear.

The following day I met the same person and took the liberty to speak to him. In the course of time I learned that he was a secret service

man and had been detailed to watch a number of strangers who were sojourning in the city. Those who were under surveillance, I learned soon after, included me as well as several guests at Hotel Rom.

This young man had a coat with two sides suitable for outside wear. When one was exposed, he looked like a student, and in the other he had the appearance of a newspaper seller. He was one of many secret service men in civilian clothes who were doing police duty and detective work.

After that, when I met a person on the street, I seldom answered an inquiry or engaged in conversation. I refused to buy newspapers except the *Warschauer Zeitung,* the official German newspaper.

This policy put me squarely on the safe side. I went about my studies and investigations alone, and when I wanted information I asked a policeman. This appeared to be the wiser course in a city whose government had recently been changed under military compulsion.

The Russians had destroyed by fire some of the smaller stations before they retreated from

Warsaw, but the Hauptbahnhof (central station) showed little evidence of battle. Before it were many cabs and carriages drawn by horses, but automobiles were not available for travelers, as they had been taken away by the Russians, or were serving military purposes for the Germans.

Here and there were evidences of shot and shell in buildings and pavements, some of the latter having large ruptures from bombs, but as a whole the damage to the city was not great. The greatest destruction was seen in the fine bridge across the Weichsel (Vistula), which unites Praga with Warsaw. However, a pontoon bridge was laid across the river and carried a large pedestrian and vehicle trade.

General von Beseler, the conqueror of Antwerp and Novogeorgievsk, was at the head of the civil government for all Poland. The bürgerwehr (civil guard), made up of young Poles in civilian clothes, were responsible for order in the city and reported to the German administration. Few soldiers and policemen were on duty in the streets, where order was

perfect. The language spoken was largely Polish, but German was heard extensively, especially among the Jews and the educated Poles.

The imperial castle of Russia, a large but simple structure, was the seat of the general government. It contained a few holes where the walls were penetrated by Russian bullets, fired from Praga, but as a whole it was in good condition. No spies were in evidence here or at the hotels, as the number of strangers was very limited and those who entered the city were examined and looked after with the utmost care. It was impossible to visit strategic places without permits. Such permits could be obtained only from the general administration, and, to obtain them, much time and considerable political support were required.

Instruction of children in Polish was prohibited by Russia, even by private tutors in the homes under penalty of fifty rubles fine for each offense, but the German administration had placed the teaching of Polish on the free list. The university and many schools had been

opened, both for German and Polish, and the theaters and other amusements were open to both these nationalities as well as to the Jews.

On Miodowa Strasse, one of the leading thoroughfares of the city, was the seat of the great German daily newspaper, the *Warschauer Zeitung*. In this periodical appeared daily the announcement of twenty playhouses. From the list I copied such well-known plays as the *Jewish Friend, Carmen, Lohengrin, Barber of Seville, Captain Dreyfus* and *Cricket on the Hearth.* The prices ranged from two marks to six marks.

At such hostelries as Hotel Rom and Hotel Polonia, two of the leading taverns, it was possible to eat all an epicure would want at about two marks per meal of four courses, about forty-five cents. The money spent at the eating houses and the theaters would not indicate poverty, although much want was experienced by the poor. Women and children were working at almost every kind of employment,—in the railway shops, on the streets and electric cars, at the shipping docks,—and many were depending on help from abroad. Often mention was

made of America, where large sums of money were collected by friends of the Jews and Poles. This benevolent support was already beginning to reach Poland and the people were very thankful for it.

I had with me a number of American, German and Swedish letters of identification, including several written by men prominent in the educational affairs of the United States. These proved very helpful in securing admission to the most prominent places, especially the academies and institutions of higher learning.

It was a source of much gratification to me to observe the eagerness with which both young and old were taking hold of the work in educational lines. The people had been deprived to a very large extent of this privilege since 1772, when Poland became Russian, and now they were beginning the great effort which is to rebuild the country on the line of larger growth in mental power.

After some time of more than usual activity, visiting the university, libraries and museums, my inclination was to return to Berlin rather

Drake University
Des Moines

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

September 9, 1915.

To Whom This Concerns:-

This is to certify that I have for many years known Mr. Bernhart P.Holst, of Boone, Iowa, as one of the leading citizens of this state. Mr. Holst is aggressive in his civic relationships, and is considered one of the best citizens of our commonwealth. He has taken a leading part in educational and political matters, and is recognized everywhere as a man of force. I have very great pleasure in commending him to any with whom he may come in contact in his travels in this and foreign countries.

Very respectfully yours,

DAR. Hill M Bell,
President.

Copy of the letter written by President Hill M. Bell.

than venture farther east or north. The country necessarily was thoroughly policed with Germans and trustworthy Jews and Poles, and movement from place to place was impossible without the most careful scrutiny of the officials. Strangers reported daily at the police stations nearest their residences and their movements, both going and returning, were made a matter of record. This was not out of place and no one complained of such supervision, as caution is no more than a reasonable requirement in the time of war.

All the regularly scheduled trains were running in Germany, but they were subject to the movement of trains carrying troops, supplies and provisions to the front. Secret service men, who worked in harmony with the police, had absolute knowledge of every stranger who came to Warsaw, from the time he came until he went, and he was frequently observed and watched without being conscious of the scrutiny these officers were exerting over him.

The customs duties existing before the war had not been disturbed. At Alexandrowa, on

the German-Polish border, each passenger was examined with the usual formalities common to customs officers. The examination was not severe, although the officials were sufficiently observing to allow nothing to pass unnoticed.

In Poland I was impressed by the satisfaction with which the inhabitants looked upon the German occupation of the country and the region stretching northward to the Baltic Sea, an expanse of about 113,500 square miles. The spirit of approval was shown by the fact that many Polish citizens, including Poles and Jews, had joined the German army and were fighting in the trenches to help free their country from Russian control, favoring independence but preferring any other government to that of the czar.

XV

THE DAINTY SPY AT BERLIN

WHEN I returned to Berlin from the east, I engaged quarters at Pension Stern, a pleasant place on Unter den Linden. The outlook from the front window enabled me to see all of that famous thoroughfare, from the statue of Frederick the Great to the Brandenburger Tor. The panorama included the vacant French embassy, the Cafe Victoria, the main building of the University of Berlin and the Dom Kirche in the distance.

I had returned to the capital city to visit the museums, libraries, art galleries and palaces of Berlin as well as the suburbs of Spandau, Charlottenburg and Potsdam. It was my purpose to study life at the capital as well as to see the military side of the war in the German metropolis, including the great prison camp at Döberitz.

At the reading rooms of the *Chicago Daily News,* on Unter den Linden, I found many American and English periodicals and went there frequently to peruse them. Several times I met at this place a dainty lady who spoke German like a Bavarian and English with the (ze) accent of a Parisian. This lady I learned to know as Miss Julia Bross and I put her on my list of possible spies.

She accepted pleasantly my invitation to take dinner at Cafe Victoria, where she drank coffee and smoked a cigarette while I labored over a cup of tea as a final course in a long list of eatables. Her home was in Denmark, which was evidenced by numerous letters which she carried, and she was in the city to teach French and study German.

The story of the dainty dame was well planned, but I doubted her. She was a spy and was on dangerous footing. With apologies to Bret Harte, I wrote in my diary:

> That for ways that are dark
> And for tricks that are vain
> The female spy is peculiar,
> Which the same I would rise to explain.

It was not difficult to escape notice in Berlin. The strangers reported to police headquarters in the district of residence as soon as they arrived, or the day following, and reported again the day before departure, stating when and where they were going. Aside from this requirement there was no supervision.

All the theaters were carrying announcements in the daily newspapers. Those who desired could witness such plays as *Hamlet, Mary Stuart, Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Maria Theresa, Antony and Cleopatra, Parsifal* and many comic operas and moving picture shows.

Tuesdays and Fridays were "meatless days," but eggs and fish were abundant. Nothing was fried in fat on Mondays and Thursdays, although every kind of meat and by-foods were on the bill of fare and were prepared by cooking or broiling. There were no restrictions on Sundays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the voluptuous follower of Epicurus could eat without limitations. What had been done to limit the consumption of certain foods did not indicate a scarcity. On the other hand, it em-

bodied a scheme to induce regularity and system in the habits of life which would conserve the supply of food and likewise promote the public health.

What had become known as "high prices" were not excessive, but, instead, meant the maximum rates to which the dealers in food stuffs were limited. That is, the market price for eggs was sixty cents per dozen, fish were fifteen cents per pound and potatoes were forty-eight cents per bushel. These are samples of the maximum prices and dealers could sell for less but not for more. As a whole the cost of living was less than in America for the reason that the money system is different and wages in Europe are based upon economical conditions which differ from those prevailing in American countries.

The city was full of soldiers,—at churches, in theaters, at restaurants, on the streets, in short, everywhere were soldiers. Life was no departure from the usual. The shops were full of goods and everybody was doing business in the even tenor of his way. The sound of martial

music, the marching of soldiers and the flutter of many German, Bulgarian, Turkish and Austria-Hungarian flags in public places were the only reminders that war was in progress.

On a train of the Stadtbahn (city railway) I went to Döberitz, where I made a complete tour of the military camp, including the prison yards, the military drill grounds and the field of aviation. The clear sky was dotted with many flying machines, including *taubes,* biplanes and Zeppelins, making the district buzz with their rapid-working machinery.

Toward evening I wended my way from the prison yards to the depot, about a half mile, walking slowly over the sandy tract. When I arrived at the station I was surprised to find that Miss Bross was among the passengers who were waiting to return to the city.

The village of Döberitz was nothing more than a wayside station before the war. In the vicinity are tracts of very sandy land, particularly toward the south, and for this reason it was chosen to be the center of prison life, the light soil and rolling surface making the region

quite sanitary. Although the place is not important from an industrial standpoint, it is one of the most talked of and frequently visited suburbs of Berlin.

Miss Bross had reached the place by a different train than the one by which I came. She had been busy in the sunlight, she said, enjoying the open sky and the warm, autumnal breezes.

To me her mission at Döberitz appeared very different. It seemed that she had no interest in the prison camp, that to her the sanitation and employment of prisoners was a blank book, but everything I mentioned about the drill of soldiers and the maneuvers of flying machines aroused her interest. To the one she was blind and to the others she was wide awake and far-seeing. The difference in her feeling on these topics deepened my suspicion that she was practicing a clever game of espionage.

I had taken a seat beside her on a bench in the railway station and began to study her face. She was alert and cunning, but her attitude was vague and evasive.

"The Germans have a wonderful system of

war-prison camps," I said as a means to begin a general conversation.

"Why? Why wonderful?"

"In the first place, they capture the enemy and take him to a delousing tank, an establish-

She was alert and cunning, but her attitude was vague and evasive.

ment that cost not less than $10,000, where bathing removes the vermin with which soldiers are infested. I say soldiers are infested, because the trench life of modern warfare is peculiarly

favorable to the development of suctorial parasitic insects.

"I found the prison camp wonderfully complete in modern facilities, such as bathing, heating, ventilation, waterworks, sewerage and other appliances that make life worth while. The prisoners do their own work, including cooking, baking, cleaning, mending, washing, ironing and all other household duties. In this work they are directed by competent supervisors at every stage. No one is free from work at any time, except when he sleeps or is busy with personal duties.

"Not only this, but a large per cent. of the prisoners have definite employment day after day under the direction of the state. They work on sewers, railways, canals, buildings and other improvements. The regular union scale of wages is allotted the prisoner per day, of which one third is paid the worker and the remainder is retained by the state for his support. In this way the thousands of prisoners in Germany are largely self-supporting."

What I said was news to Miss Bross. She had

studied the village and its environments in the light of a strategic military camp. It was her object to learn what the place signified as a point of defense against an invasion. She was not concerned in anything else at Döberitz.

When the express train rolled into the station, I was ready to board it without delay. The evening was pleasant and the train moved rapidly toward the metropolis. Miss Bross alighted at Potsdamer Platz, while I went as far as Friedrich Strasse.

My purpose in Berlin was well defined. I was studying to revise works of reference on war topics, and my study hours were only from eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon, which included the time when the public institutions were open. This gave me ample opportunity to carefully investigate the secret service work, including that of Miss Bross, which I had decided to study. She looked upon me as an American of English (Australian) birth and spoke freely about her experiences in Berlin as well as in Denmark.

Several times I met Miss Bross at the reading

rooms of the *Chicago Daily News,* where she observed the news columns and editorials of the German-American newspapers with special interest. Near the last of November she told me she had decided to go home to Denmark on the third of December. By this time I had purchased passage to New York and left for Copenhagen the same morning.

After luncheon on the railway diner, Miss Bross seemed worried about the examination at Warnemünde, where German officers inspected the baggage and person of the passengers. This examination, owing to much espionage, had been greatly intensified.

"What do you think of the case of Miss Edith Cavell?" she asked, "I mean the nurse who was executed as a spy in Belgium by the Germans."

"This case," I answered, "is an unusual one. Miss Cavell had the utmost confidence of the German officers, who granted her extraordinary privileges as a nurse, while she busied herself most of the time organizing a band of spies to operate against the German army in France."

"Yes, that is true; but she was a woman

who had done some good and her life should have been spared. At least they think so in France and England where funds are being raised to build monuments to her memory."

"That seems to be the policy in France and England because the politicians are endeavoring to mold public opinion more strenuously against Germany. But both countries established a precedent by executing German women as spies. This is true likewise of the Belgians, who executed Julia von Wauterghem as a spy at Louvain in 1914."

This answer perplexed Miss Bross, but she replied at length, "The good people do seems to count little in actual life. Miss Cavell was the means of relieving the pain of the sick and aiding many wounded to recover."

"On the other hand," said I, "Miss Cavell admitted that she knew of at least two hundred and fifty Belgian civilians whose release had been secured by her intrigues. They had joined the allies to fight in France and in this way she probably caused the death of many Germans."

"Perhaps that is true, but I do not think

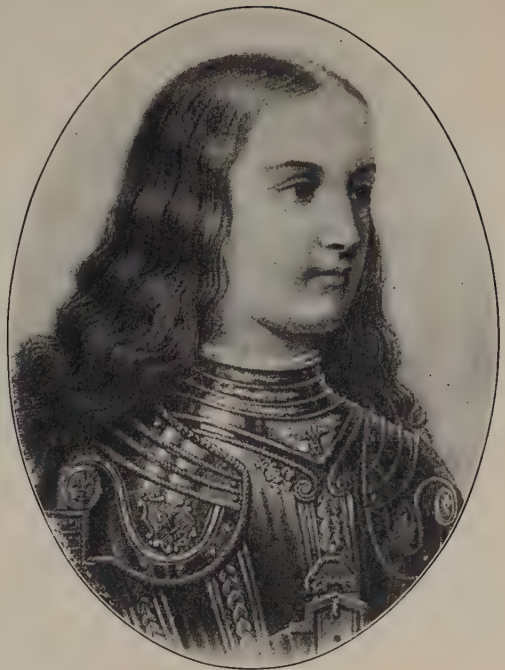
well of the Germans for shooting a woman," she replied.

"War is not much of a respecter of persons," I answered, "and just recently the French shot two German women as spies, so I saw in the newspapers. Besides, remember the case of Joan of Arc, who was a brave leader of the French. She never was accused of being a spy, but the English burned her at the stake. To me it seems that excesses are common to war, sometimes rightfully, sometimes wrongfully."

By this time the train was entering the station at Warnemünde. Miss Bross seemed nervous. She handed me a small scrap of paper, saying, "If I am on the train after we leave Warnemünde, hand it back to me; otherwise do what you like with it."

It was currently reported that all the passengers when entering or leaving a country at war, in Germany as well as in France and England, would be required to remove all their clothes and undergo a thorough examination. This proved to be the case in this instance, except where travelers could make an unusually good

EDITH CAVELL



JOAN OF ARC

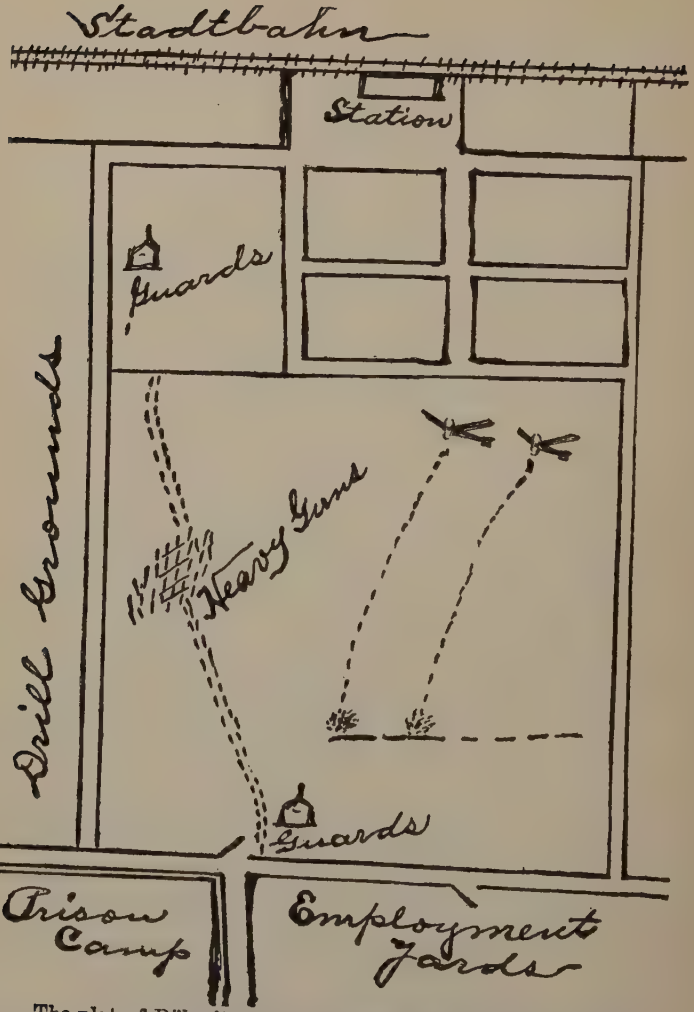
(Opp. 152)

showing of neutrality and fairness, under which condition I passed the scrutinizing officers to my utmost satisfaction.

When the steamship was crossing the Baltic Sea, I looked in vain among the passengers for Miss Bross, who, according to subsequent reports, was retained as a spy. The examining officer, a German lady, had found a plat of the military grounds at Spandau pasted to the sole of her bare foot. I never saw her again.

This gave me the liberty to do as I pleased with the scrap of paper Miss Bross handed to me on the train. On examination I found it embodied a somewhat faulty plat of the military camp at Döberitz.

In the illustration on the following page is shown the inner part of the grounds as conceived by this spy. Her scheme divulges the idea that the important positions, including the heavy guns and the garrison, were south of the railway station. Two monoplanes indicate by parabolic lines the positions where bombs may be thrown with great destructive effect upon the main body of the troops.



The plat of Döberitz drawn by Miss Bross, who was arrested as a spy at Warnemünde, where she was caught with a plat of Spandau pasted to the sole of her bare foot.

The outskirts of the prison camp, including the yards where the prisoners were employed at work, are shown so the enemy may avoid an attack from the south, since an assault from that direction would jeopardize the lives of the prisoners. She conceived the idea that possession should be taken of the railway and two assaults should be made simultaneously from the east and west.

All this appeared perfectly clear to me, since I had been over the grounds. Although her plan had proven of no value to any one, she had demonstrated much ability in studying conditions as they were and making an effort to place the report of her investigations in the hands of the foes of Germany. But she was foiled in her sharp practice and her map became worthless.

It occurred to me immediately that I had assumed a dangerous and unnecessary risk in permitting her to place it in my custody. Had I known the contents of this innocent looking scrap of paper, it would have been utterly impossible to have induced me to even touch it. However, the matter ended without injury to

me, and I was extremely glad that I was sailing on the Baltic Sea, instead of being at the inspection rooms at Warnemünde with the scrap of paper in my pocket.

In this matter I had been recklessly careless and had not exercised the precaution shown by Mr. Otto Tamini who had offered to sing some humorous verses if I would write them. I proposed *When We Sailed to Denmark,* which will be found on page seventy-eight of this book.

These verses Mr. Tamini declined to sing because he considered that the singing of such stanzas while he was detained in the imprisoned ship might be considered treasonable. He said: "If I sing these verses at such earnest times as war produces in this British territory the English might shoot me as a spy." At the time the matter seemed trivial, but since then I came to agree with him.

XVI

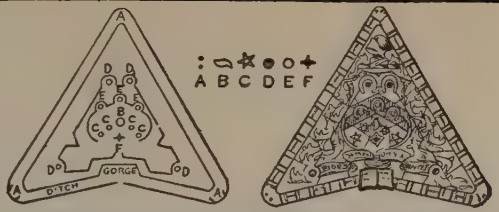
METHODS OF SPYING

THE business of a spy is looked upon very differently by writers of repute. Some regard the spy as a base outlaw, fit only for execution. Others regard him as a necessary adjunct to warfare, or even as a benefactor in the scheme of protecting the country to which he belongs.

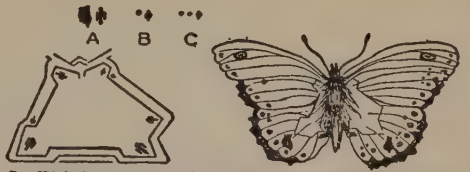
As a general rule espionage is regarded a reputable profession as well as a military necessity, except when the spy is a traitor to his own country.

In most instances the spy enters an extremely dangerous field, unnoticed and without applause, and he does so with a feeling of patriotism. He seldom is honored or rewarded for his achievements.

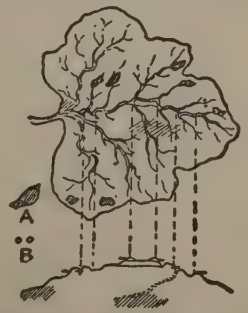
Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the noted major-general in the British army, has a long record



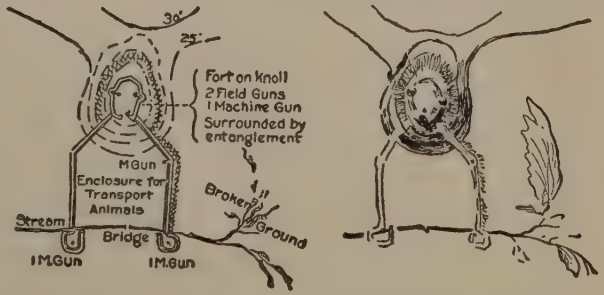
Above, the Character Designated by A Represents Machine Guns; B, Six-Inch Guns; C, Four and Eight-Tenths-Inch Guns; D, Disappearing Guns; E, Howitzers; F, Searchlight



In This Instance a Butterfly Pattern was Chosen to Conceal the Identity of the Drawings. The Figures Marked A Show the Position of Fortress Guns in Each Sketch; B, Field Guns; C, Machine Guns



The Mark A, Appearing on the Ivy Leaf, Shows the Position of the Heavy Guns; B, Machine Guns. The Shading Indicates Ground Sheltered from Fire



This Illustrates the Comparative Ease with Which Important Drawings may be Made Innocent-Looking. At the Left Is the Original Drawing from Which the Spy Sketched the "Head of a Moth"

Illustrations from the secret work of Sir Baden-Powell, the noted British spy and scout.

as a scout and spy, perhaps the best known in the annals of English military history. In several of his books he details many interesting incidents of his eventful career while serving in Afghanistan, Ashanti, India and South Africa.

Sir Baden-Powell was not specially successful as an organizer of spies. His work consisted chiefly of his own activities, such as studying positions occupied by the enemy. Frequently he represented himself in the guise of a student, studying the contour of a district, the coast or shore of a country, or the fortifications of a city, aiming to learn their positions and armament.

The accompanying illustrations are from the work of Sir Baden-Powell. They must be studied carefully to be understood. For instance, the ivy leaf and the butterfly show the plans of the forts, the spots denoting the numbers and positions of the guns; the calibers of the guns are indicated by the size of the spots.

The present German system of spying took root in the campaigns of Frederick the Great

and still stands without a peer in the annals of modern warfare. Other nations have large numbers of spies and what is commonly known as the secret police service, but nowhere do we find such thorough organization of scouts and the secret service police as in Germany.

In 1870, soon after the beginning of the Franco-German war, Germany was able to put into the field not less than 20,000 secret service men. They operated not only in France, but were busy at home and in the neutral countries, everywhere observing and reporting. At the head of this force was Herr Wilhelm Stieber, who has the world record for daring deeds and for organizing large forces of secret service workers, both men and women. An account of his achievements was published under the title, *Memoirs of the Secret Service Officer Stieber.* In estimating the value of his work, Herr Stieber himself said, "One cannot set down in *thalers* the value either of bloodshed which has been avoided, or of victories which have been secured."

That all countries in Europe have large forces

of spies, particularly in the time of war, is well known. In my travels I met more English and Russian spies, especially in Denmark, than either German or French spies. The spies and other secret agents in the Scandinavian countries, barring those who act wholly from sympathy and including only those retained for consideration, I think the number of English secret service men, judging entirely from personal experience, exceed in number those of any other class.

Women acting as spies very commonly disguise as students, teachers and Red Cross nurses. Sometimes they secure employment as domestics for service in the homes of influential families; at other times they engage as employees in cafes, hotels and restaurants. They mingle with those who employ them and pay them wages, and at the same time plot against their life and property. However, more frequently they do not seek to destroy their benefactors, but, instead, put forth their ingenuity to aid the army of their own country which they are helping so as to make the capture of a city

or the conquest of an unfriendly nation possible.

The occupations in which men engage while practicing espionage are very numerous. But that depends upon the region where they operate and the class of information for which they are looking.

Many remove to the country where they operate and even become naturalized citizens. This I found to be common in Berlin, where many Belgians, French and English were operating. They had taken out naturalization papers, protested their loyalty to the country of their adoption, and at the same time carried on secret operations in disguise. This they did as barbers, waiters in eating houses, street laborers and in numerous common occupations. They dressed and worked the same as others, attracted no attention, and generally pursued their art without suspicion.

It is not seldom that the male spy disguises as a priest or minister. As missionary work is permitted in the Scandinavian countries, it is not uncommon to find a secret agent preaching

in a public place, or visiting in the homes of those who want spiritual comfort. This method enables him to work on the public sentiment, to learn of the trend of public thought and to acquire a knowledge of arsenals, harbors and fortifications.

The successful spy is well informed in the line in which he operates. It would not do for one to pose as a doctor unless he understands at least the rudiments of medicine, or to represent himself as a teacher if he is not versed in pedagogy. For this reason each spy is an expert at what he professes. He is thereby equipped to discuss his pretended trade or profession intelligently, while, at the same time, he is working to accomplish his real purpose in espionage. If he is operating against your side, you put him down as a cur; but when he makes common cause with you, your feeling is that of admiration.

Those who work at spying like it intensely. It seems to have a fascination for them, owing to the new conditions that arise constantly and tax the active brain. On the other hand, it

makes men distrustful and suspicious. A spy looks upon everyone as of doubtful veracity; he relies only upon his own observations and verifies them with the greatest of care before forming conclusions or making reports of his operations.

The danger of spying in the country of an enemy lies in being detected. Here the spy must exercise great care in writing or drawing, even in secret ink, as the censorship is so strict that every scrap of paper is examined and in many cases submitted to a chemical test. In the country of an enemy, the spy cannot have fellowship with another spy and must shift entirely for himself.

The methods of spying have changed materially since the advent of aviation. At present the flying machine is employed almost wholly to locate the enemy and the movements in the field of action. Not only this, but the firing itself is directed from the air, through signals which indicate the locality to be fired upon and the effectiveness of the shots.

Many are the instances where armies consid-

ered themselves safe from attack only to be hit by missiles thrown from cannon twenty miles away under the direction of aërial spies. These spies frequently are brought down to their death by a sudden attack from aërial field guns, which make destruction swift and certain. In fact, death is the lot of any spy who accomplishes much, and usually he dies self-satisfied with his own achievements.

While I was in Copenhagen, early in December, my eyes happened to catch in a magazine the declaration of Lieutenant Carl Lody, who had been condemned as a German spy in London and ordered shot for war treason. His declaration contains the following: "I do not cringe for mercy; I am not ashamed of anything I have done; I am in honor bound not to give away the names of those who employed me on my mission; I was not paid for it; I did it for my country's good; I knew that I was carrying my life in my hands. Many a Briton was at the same time doing the same for his country."

Lieutenant Lody, although he was executed as a spy, was lauded by a member of the British

parliament as "A patriot who had died for his country as much as any soldier who fell in battle."

There is as much system in spying as in the most exact of the recognized arts. In some places the stranger is entirely unnoticed, and in that case he needs to have no fear. When he is watched, when secret agents study him, although he has nothing to conceal and is entirely neutral, he best keep his own council. In this regard I had no difficulties at any time in my travels and never was under suspicion. Several times I thought it best to refuse to accept newspapers published in a country that was an enemy to the country in which I was traveling, and in some instances I refused to engage in any conversation whatever. These and similar precautions sometimes are very necessary as a protection to the innocent traveler.

XVII

SAILING THE CATTEGAT

AFTER leaving Warnemünde, while on the Baltic Sea, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Carl Lutz, a business man from Württemberg. He had been buying large quantities of supplies in Holland, shipping them to Germany, and was now opening a line of shipping from Denmark. We lived at the Mission Hotel in Copenhagen the remainder of my time in that city, about six days, after which I embarked on the Danish steamship *United States* for New York.

My experience with spies at this time was about the same as before. I met them in large numbers, their chief objects being to influence sentiment for or against Germany or England, depending on the country represented by these spies.

At Hotel Bristol I met Mr. Denton, whom I had seen on my first visit to the city, through the

HOTEL BRISTOL
H. L. WILKENING
Prpt.

Kobenhavn, d. Oct. 21, 1915

Telegramadresse: „BRISTOL"
International
Hotel Telegraph-Code
— Statstelefon 9 —
Telefon 7200

Dear Davis!

One German dreadnaught and three torpedo boats in Baltic yesterday going east off Gjedser. See the sketch below for position.

Am having good success talking Schleswig-Holstein.

Yours truly,
Denton.

To
Mr. Jno. Davis,
Malmö, Sweden

Copy of the letter written to Mr. Jno. Davis.

influence of Mr. Fenwick. At first he did not recognize me and, when I reminded him of our former meeting, he appeared pleased to see me.

At Cafe Alhambra, a very nice eating place near the Hovedbanegaarden (principal railway station), we met frequently and exchanged experiences in our recent travels. He was a good mixer and spoke German like a native.

In a traveler's guide of Denmark, which Mr. Denton loaned to me, I found a letter written in October to Mr. Jno. Davis at Malmö, Sweden. With his consent I copied this letter on stationery of Hotel Bristol, on which the original was written. A copy of it will be seen on another page of this book.

This letter was important from the circumstance that a number of British submarines had found their way into the Baltic Sea and were preying on the Swedish-German commerce. English spies were busy as bees watching the movements of German battle ships, fearing they would defeat and destroy the submarine flotilla that had commenced its work in a new field.

The conditions in the Danish capital were nor-

mally the same as they had been in October. Bulletin boards kept the public informed of the trend of the war, especially at the office of the *Berlingske Tidende,* where the curious gathered in large numbers.

The English spies were gathering data more than ever on Danish trade with Germany. When they learned that I was about to sail to New York they persuaded me to make inquiry about the Canadian Pacific steamships which sail from Liverpool to Saint John, New Brunswick. They recommended this line for the reason that the steamers were British and would not be stopped on the ocean.

At the office of the Canadian Pacific Line I was offered a ticket from Copenhagen to Saint John, the conditions including board and lodging to Liverpool as well as at that city while waiting for the steamer to reëmbark for Canada. However, I did not accept, because it would involve crossing the North Sea, which was dangerous at this time. Besides, I greatly preferred to sail under a neutral flag.

When I embarked on the ninth of December,

on steamship *United States,* several Russian and English spies I had seen before were at the ship. They had watched the loading of mails and admitted having information that Great Britain had changed her policy and would seize the American mails in the future. They likewise told me they were looking for some parties wanted for espionage, but it appeared that those for whom they were looking did not sail at this time.

A very narrow neck of water connects the Sound with the Cattegat, separating Denmark from Sweden. On the east side is Helsingborg and on the opposite side is Helsingör, the town where Shakespeare laid his foundation for the story of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. This water was protected by innumerable mines, planted by the adjacent countries, to prevent acts of hostility by the belligerent countries which might cripple or destroy the neutral shipping trade.

The Cattegat is a fine stretch of water from the Sound to the Skagar-Rak, and on its eastern shore is Göteborg, the second city of Sweden.

This city was interesting for the reason that a new line of trans-Atlantic shipping had been established late in the year. The largest steamship of this line is the *Stockholm,* which had just sailed for America. Sweden had no passenger steamers running to New York prior to the war and the larger business of the war period, partly larger because most of the ships of the belligerent countries were not running, had caused the business men of Sweden to invest in transportation facilities.

A few days after sailing, the *Stockholm* was stopped by an English cruiser and it was reported that she was hauled to Stornoway, where the mails bound for New York and some other cargo were removed. Being a neutral country was in itself not a guarantee that it could enjoy the freedom of the seas. Holland and the three Scandinavian countries had been placed between the upper and nether millstones. This intrusion of the British caused a wave of resentment to sweep over Sweden.

When the ship reached Christiania, I immediately left the steamer and took some time

to look over the docks and warehouses. The sentiment among the younger Norwegians, who

I saw the painter put the finishing touches on the sign of the Red Cross.

were emulating the maritime achievements of the Vikings, was favorable to the building of a

larger merchant marine under the flag of Norway.

They kept their vessels, including the smaller boats, well painted and in good repair. In many instances the sign of the Red Cross was painted on the life boats.

Few people are as patriotic as the Norwegians, especially the sailors. I recall several instances where I saw the painter put the finishing touches on the sign of the Red Cross while several of his comrades stood by to see the ensign of their country sketched as a complement of the same.

At Christiania the steamship *United States* was delayed two days, taking on much paper pulp and other freight, and this gave me time to renew some very interesting acquaintances I had made on my former visit. However, I found no change in the conditions, except that public opinion was becoming aroused against the British for the liberties they allowed themselves in detaining and searching Norwegian ships at sea.

Some persons I met offered as an apology the

explanation that England, France and Russia had supported Norway when it became independent from Sweden, while the policy of Germany was to encourage the union of the two countries. However, they admitted that the support given by the trio against Oscar II. was no adequate reason for trampling under foot the sovereignty of Norway. The sentiment of all Norwegians was centered on an agreement that no one nation is a lord or dictator over other nations on the sea and that the sea must be made alike free to the commerce of all countries.

Secret service men were on hand at the docks to look over the cargo which was loading. A number of these worked their way on deck, pretending to say goodbye to friends, and when the ship sailed the crew and passengers were resigned to the conviction that the ship would be molested and delayed by the British contrary to international law.

XVIII

A THOUSAND MILES AROUND

THE course from Christiania to Christiansand was along the coast of Norway, in a southwesterly direction, but here we bent toward the west and then toward the northwest until a point north of the Shetland Islands was reached. We were now nearing the region where steamship *Frederick VIII.* had been captured and imprisoned.

It was on the thirteenth of December, early in the morning, that a wireless message flashed into the Marconi station saying, "*United States,* where are you?" Captain Goetsche clinched his fist and Chief Steward Lyngbye gritted his teeth as the ship went speeding toward the west.

The passengers had been promised that the ship would reach New York by the twenty-first, in time to permit them to spend Christmas at

home. Every possible effort of the ship's officers was being made to redeem that promise.

Wireless messages began to come faster and more urgent, but nothing was seen of the intruder. It was still early in the morning and a deep darkness with some fog hung over the sea. Those who had come on deck became interested in the race for freedom that the *United States* was making. It was a righteous cause, a justifiable effort to escape the clutches of a powerful monster who was interfering with the trade of a neutral on the open sea.

At last, coming around a point of land, appeared a British cruiser, which stopped us by a shot over the bow. The warship neared our starboard and a megaphone announced, "You are ordered to proceed to Greenock."

"Greenock, where is Greenock?" reëchoed a hundred voices. All were willing to admit that they had lived up to that time without knowing aught of Greenock.

A map showed that the newly discovered town is in the Clyde River, not far from Glasgow, Scotland. It looked as though we were to sail a

thousand miles out of the way. Visions of Christmas at sea began to percolate the intricate anatomy of the brain.

After the formality of policing the ship with British soldiers armed with bayoneted rifles had been looked after, the vessel began to move southward. We passed the west end of the Shetland Islands, then cruised by the Orkney Islands, then sailed through the Straits of Minch and between the Hebrides and Scotland, then moved forward between the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, then passed into an arm of the Irish Sea, and finally turned northeast into the mouth of the Clyde. What reason Great Britain had for taking the ship on this long detour is a mystery unfathomable!

While we were at Greenock in an imprisoned ship, the *Stockholm* was reported at Stornoway and the *Oscar II.* with the Ford peace party was at Kirkwall. Other ships, mostly freighters, were being detained in all these places. The spies at Copenhagen had informed me correctly, that is, England had designed to tighten her grip upon neutral trade, including the American mails.

At the time we had approached the narrower channel of the river, after passing the Firth of the Clyde, the eye could trace long lines of floaters on the surface of the water. These floaters indicated both the nets to trap submarines and the presence of mines, of which there were thousands, and tugboats were employed to pull the floaters with the mines and nets aside so our ship could proceed up the stream.

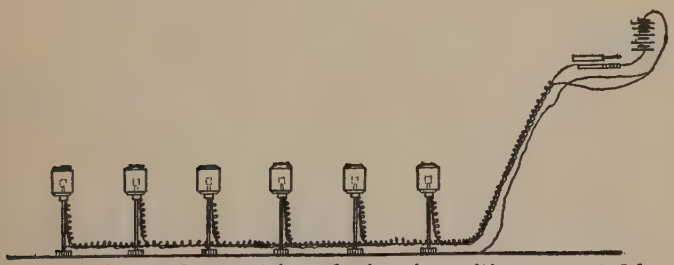


Illustration to show a string of mines in position, connected by wires with an electric station on the coast.

Some of the mines were suspended loosely from the floaters, depending for explosion upon a jar or sudden contact, such as occurs when struck by the ship of a foe. Others were connected by copper wires with a station on the coast, from which they could be discharged

electrically at will by an operator when the ships of an enemy came into their vicinity.

Here I was a prisoner, surrounded by implements of destruction. No matter where I looked, or in what direction I turned, thousands of bombs and mines confronted me. It required nothing more than a little spark, or even a mistake in the movement of the ship, to set on fire the greatest field of powder and scatter the largest amount of shrapnel the world had ever seen at one place ready for action.

On the fifth day of detention, that is, on the seventeenth of December, British officers and men began to remove the mails. They demanded of Captain Goetsche that he must order the ship's crew to reload the bags and parcels on two small British steamers, the *Flying Sprite* and the *Flying Scotchman.* This the captain refused to do, saying he had received the mails with special orders to deliver them to the American postal authorities in New York and that he would not willingly be a party to any project which would divert them from their legal course.

This photograph shows the British in the act of taking the mails destined for America off the Danish steamship *United States,* reloading it on the small steamer *Flying Sprite.*

(Opp. 180)

The British, seeing that Captain Goetsche could not be intimidated, then seized the mails forcibly. They unloaded about 2,900 bags and parcels, consisting chiefly of Christmas presents sent to friends in America. When the captain reached New York, he could not deliver the mails entrusted to him, but, instead, gave over a scrap of paper issued as a receipt by the British officers in lieu of the same.

The trip from Copenhagen to New York, owing to the long detour and delay caused by the British, had a duration of nineteen days and we landed in Hoboken on the twenty-eighth of December, three days after Christmas.

A concert held on board the steamship while in mid-ocean for the benefit of the Sailors' Reading Room in Copenhagen netted 218 kroner. For this concert I wrote the following lines:

ON "UNITED STATES"

The U. S. sailed across the sea
With certainty through wave and swell;
Fast fled the time.—Now we must part
And bid each other Fare-you-well!

To me life seems a tender thread
That leaves the spindle day by day,
We scarcely know how very soon
Its sweetest moments pass away.

The time your life was linked with mine
In pleasant hours, with happy song,
I'll ne'er forget, when far away—
In memory's pages e'er prolong.

A happy bird housed in its bower
Sang ever in the sweetest tone,
And so shall I in pleasant hour
Recall the friends that I have known.

The shell, though taken far away,
Still sings its sweet song of the sea;
I wish that you some happy hour
Would likewise sing a song for me.

And thus may we, though far or near,
Make life to us just what it seems,
And ever live as best of friends
In thoughts, in verses and in dreams!

STUDENTS LIBRARY
CONCORDIA TEACHERS COLLEGE
RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS

XIX

FILING A PROTEST

A LARGE number of the passengers on board *Frederick VIII.* had united in a protest to the government of the United States and the countries of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. They had been delayed and endangered at sea without legal cause and had taken this method of making their objection known to their respective governments.

A similar protest was prepared on board the *United States* and signed by many passengers. This petition was placed in my hands to be presented at the office of the Secretary of State at Washington. With this purpose I went personally to the capital city.

Here I learned that protests of various classes relating to the interference with neutral trade were multiplying rapidly. Mr. Ben G. Davis, chief clerk of Secretary Robert Lansing, had

been detailed to establish a branch office at New York so the business of this kind could be taken care of with greater dispatch than was possible at Washington, considering the distance of the capital city from the ports on the eastern coast.

The British had placed on the black list one hundred and two trans-Atlantic freight ships. These ships were suspected of trading with the foes of Great Britain, or representing German capital, or carrying unneutral trade. They had a gross tonnage of 80,000 and a carrying capacity of 200,000 tons. The countries and the number of ships represented on the black list were as follows:

Spain	1
Brazil	3
Holland	4
Denmark	8
United States	11
Sweden	37
Norway	38
Total	102

The American shippers were greatly crippled

by the policy of Great Britain. It was impossible to secure sufficient ships to move the shipments which were accumulating in New York, Boston and other ports. On the black list appeared the following American vessels: *Allagaush, Ausable, Genesse, Hocking, Kankakee, Manitowoc, Maumee, Seneca, Winnebago, Minneconne* and *Mukkegon.*

The effect of this interference with neutral trade was a stagnation of shipments in the ports of the Atlantic seaboard. At New York there were 30,000 freight cars which were unable to unload, owing to the fact that the warehouses were glutted and insufficient ships were available to relieve the pressure. In many places the goods were unloaded on the streets for want of room. Our farms and factories were losing their market, or at least in part, because the avenues of transportation to Europe were blockaded by British warships.

The passengers on steamship *United States* who registered their protest against this ruinous policy did so in the following document:

"Whereas, we, the undersigned passengers

on the steamship *United States*, crossed the Atlantic ocean on said steamship sailing on December 9, 1915, from Copenhagen for New York;

"Whereas, the said steamship was stopped and seized by a British cruiser when north of the Shetland Islands on December 13, 1915, and compelled under military escort to proceed with passengers and cargo to Greenock, Scotland, where a part of the mails (parcel post) bound for New York was unloaded and retained by the British;

"Whereas, each of us was compelled unwillingly to be in the custody of military men for five days and with said steamship delayed in our course of necessary travel and conveyed the long distance from north of the Shetland Islands to the Clyde River and in transit exposed at numerous places to mines and other great dangers while in the war zone, which said steamship did not intend to enter, we do, therefore,

"PROTEST most earnestly against the repeated and persistent interference with neutral commerce in direct violation of international

law and contrary to the spirit and terms in which the issues of the War of 1812 were settled, and

"PETITION our respective governments to adopt a firm policy to the end that illegal and indefensible interference with neutral travel and commerce be stopped and that any nation repeating or committing such flagrant acts of unfriendliness be held to strict accountability for the same."

This is one of innumerable similar protests that were filed with the hope of securing protection for American commerce. In the meantime, while the German marine trade was off the ocean and about a million tons of England's fleet had been sunk in the sea, while many neutral ships had been seized or were blacklisted by Great Britain, the freight rates on the high seas doubled and later increased from 200 per cent. to 500 per cent., in some instances even 700 per cent. These conditions were made possible largely through the work of secret service men of the entente allies, who were watching every car load of freight which arrived at our

eastern gateways as well as every cargo loaded for transportation across the Atlantic.

My experience with spies in the great European war led me to believe that the United States must rise up in defense against the pretensions of Great Britain on the sea. If our country is to be an independent nation, a force at home and a power in commerce, it must demand the freedom of the seas for the protection of its trade with other nations. A surrender of this principle now or in the future would reverse the achievements which came through the War of 1812; it would make Columbia subservient to the mandates of the British Jack.

XX

AMERICA OFF THE SEA

THE British had issued Orders in Council under date of March 11, 1915, in which restrictions were placed upon American trade. This order and certain subsequent measures caused Robert Lansing, American Secretary of State, to promulgate many diplomatic notes and protests. They generally dealt with themes "relating to restrictions upon American commerce by certain measures adopted by the British government."

The number of cases in which American neutral rights were invaded had grown to enormous proportions during the progress of the war. They were so numerous that it became very difficult to determine the damage to commerce, both actual and prospective, and to comprehend the great importance of the wrongs inflicted upon the productive and shipping

industries. This fact and the influence that this policy of restriction on commerce, as promoted by Great Britain, would have upon the belligerents of the present as well as future wars, especially so far as concerned the neutral rights and neutral interests, caused very serious apprehension among the people of America and the neutral countries of Europe.

Within the first eleven months of the war no less than two thousand American cargoes were detained by the British. The number of such cases in the three months beginning March 11, 1915, and ending June 15, 1915, according to public documents issued at Washington, were extremely large. Hundreds of ships were seized within this period and a list of the individual cases covers eleven pages of these documents. All these cases are tangible causes for damages, but the vast number of neutral vessels that were blacklisted and the still greater aggregation of ships that did not sail, fearing seizure or confiscation, must likewise be taken into account when contemplating the enormous depression which was suffered commercially by neutral nations.

By the beginning of 1916 the conditions had grown similar to those which prevailed immediately before the beginning of the War of 1812. At that time, under date of June 1, 1812, President James Monroe issued a message in which he used the following language:

"Under pretended blockades, without the presence of an adequate force, and sometimes without the practicability of applying one, our commerce has been plundered in every sea, the great staples of our country have been cut off from their legitimate markets, and a destructive blow aimed at our agricultural and maritime interests. In aggravation of the predatory measures that have been considered as in force from the dates of their notification, a retrospective effect being thus added, as have been done in other important cases, to the unlawfulness of the course pursued. And to render the outrage the more signal these mock blockades have been reiterated and enforced in the face of the official communications from the British government declaring as the true definition of a legal blockade 'that particular ports must be actually

invested and previous warning given to vessels bound to them not to enter.' "

This statement of President Monroe had reference to the system of blockades proclaimed by the British under the name of Orders in Council and, in speaking of the freedom of the sea, he says the following in the same message:

"It has become, indeed, sufficiently certain that the commerce of the United States is to be sacrificed, not as interfering with the belligerent rights of Great Britain; not as supplying the wants of her enemies, which she herself supplies, but as interfering with the monopoly which she covets for her own commerce and navigation. She carries on a war against the lawful commerce of a friend that she may the better carry on a commerce with an enemy."

The commercial marine of the United States, under the vigorous policy of President Monroe and his successors, developed sufficiently within this period that ninety-two per cent. of the foreign trade was carried in American ships. This favorable condition continued throughout the epoch extending to the beginning of the Civil

War, which remained in full sway from 1861 until 1865. During this contest, while the Americans were in the greatest war of the New World, the British again destroyed the commerce of America. Ever since that time the commercial flag of the United States has been practically unknown in trans-oceanic trade.

The so-called Declaration of London, which is a codification of the laws of the sea, was promulgated in 1909 by the representatives of an international conference called at the invitation of the British government. In this meeting the leading nations participated, although some of the countries, including Great Britain, did not formally ratify the final conclusions. According to the Declaration of London, no *absolute* contraband of war is recognized, except the actual implements employed in action by the belligerents. The same document defines such articles as saddlery, coal, barbed wire, food and clothing as *conditional* contraband. However, in case the latter class were in transit and destined for the enemy, such articles might be seized.

In his book entitled *The Economic Aspect of*

the War, Prof. Edwin J. Clapp discusses the relevant portion of this feature of international law as follows:

"By common consent the seas are the public highways of nations; outside a zone three miles from shore they are not the domain of any one nation. They belong to peaceful commerce, not to belligerents who roam their surface seeking to destroy each other. As a remnant of marine barbarism, a belligerent has the right, if it has the power, to capture or drive from the ocean the merchant vessels of its foe. To the extent of its command over the sea, a belligerent may prevent contraband of war from reaching an enemy in any vessels; and, if capable of blockading the enemy's sea coast, may put a stop to all ocean commerce of the blockaded country. Under international law these were the limits and conditions of interfering with commerce between neutrals and a country at war.

"Only within much narrower limits, according to modern conceptions of international law, can a belligerent interfere with commerce between neutrals themselves. This commerce may be

interrupted only when it consists of contraband of war—the actual tools of fighting—demonstrably in transit to enemy territory."

According to the Declaration of London, such articles as cotton, hides, rubber, wool and linseed oil were to be on the free list. This was agreed upon because these commodities were important as articles of the commerce of neutral nations and because they were necessary to support civilians in belligerent countries who do not participate in acts of hostility, particularly children, women and aged persons. From this no change was made until England, by Orders in Council on August 20, 1914, added the conditional list to the absolute list and later added still many more free articles to the schedule of contraband. Regarding this Prof. Clapp says:

"This action stopped our direct trade with Germany. It might appear that goods on the free list could still move. Some of them did move, from free to contraband. People feared to ship to others lest they should be so listed while ships were on the ocean, and the goods made

subject to seizure. Practically nothing has been shipped to Germany from this country but cotton, and it was not shipped until December. In belated response to the insistence of southern senators and of American business interests which had found themselves gravely embarrassed by the cessation of cotton shipments, Great Britain finally made a clear statement that this particular commodity would not be considered contraband."

Although the American government protested from time to time against the British Orders in Council which transferred practically every important article of commerce to the absolute list, no relief whatever was secured. To these protests must be added the many notes and protestations filed against the British blockade by Sweden, Norway, Denmark and other neutral countries. In the latter part of 1915, when the feeling for independence on the sea had reached a high mark in the Scandinavian countries, they went so far as to form an understanding favorable to a union of effort for relief and in some cases reprisals were made by holding British mails.

These protests were not only without avail, but England became even more active in limiting commerce among the neutral countries. This policy included the scheme which permitted the non-belligerent countries to obtain only sufficient clothing and food which was actually necessary for a scant living. As a consequence their trade was diminished or ruined, while the prices of food and clothing attained high marks and the fires of many factories became dark and cold. The nations which did not engage in the war, which preferred to remain neutral, were paying a high price for their neutrality and at the same time were reduced to a form of dependence upon England quite akin to vassalage.

Step after step had been taken to destroy the high dignity of the countries which loved the victories of peace better than the glories of war. Within these nations were hundreds of spies and secret service men who had studied the conditions of their economical life, who had learned the situation and made reports to their own governments, and upon which many of the unsuspecting Scandinavians looked as friendly.

In the meantime the garrote was fixed around the neck so tightly that the strangulation of their commerce was nothing less than a gigantic and felonious industrial, moral and political homicide committed on the high seas by Great Britain.

Indeed, it was difficult to understand the policy of the American government as defined by President Wilson. While the neutral countries, under the leadership of Sweden, took steps to warn their citizens not to sail on the armed ships of belligerent nations, while they made reprisals upon Great Britain for interfering with their mails, President Wilson promoted the view that Americans should be protected when sailing on the ships of warring nations which carried armament.

It is doubtful whether the position of President Wilson could be defended from the standpoint of international policy; whether the American government itself would consider the ship of a foe, if it were engaged in a war, immune from attack because it had on board a citizen from a neutral country.

XXI

WHAT IS AMERICANISM

THE United States is an aggregation of nations, many peoples having contributed to the up-building of a glorious whole. Endless generations, many of which came from the best physical forces of Europe, have been united by inseparable bonds of hands and hearts. The amalgamation and assimilation is growing so complete, so truly uniform, that all traces of distinct groups of citizens are disappearing rapidly.

It seems to me that we should have no quarrel with those who still treasure fond recollections of the country of their ancestry, or even the land of their nativity, so long as they willingly, whether in peace or war, defend the interests of the United States. Indeed, the inclination to think well and speak tenderly of the parent

stock should be regarded a virtue to be emulated.

Although the conquest of England by the Danish-German invaders occurred fifteen centuries ago, many Englishmen and people of English descent, including numerous Americans, display no mean pride when they speak of themselves as Anglo-Saxons. They continue to contribute to the literature and history of civilization in terms, not of inordinate self-esteem, but of justifiable self-respect.

Americans of foreign birth, or of foreign parentage, have contributed so much to the success and greatness of the United States that any text in history would be incomplete if the details of their achievements were omitted. And in this respect no one nation of western Europe stands alone. Neither does one group of these loyal people occupy a place of honor above the others. In peace and war, in fellowship and patriotism, these peoples have vied with each other and with the native Americans to lead in the procession that has sustained Old Glory.

The proof of what is said here will be

emphasized when such names as Baron von Steuben, Patrick Henry, John Ericsson, the Sheridan family, Carl Schurz and hosts of others, who helped to make and save the American republic, are mentioned. These patriots and people of their kind, including millions in number, have marched forward with no uncertain step.

They plowed the fields, felled the forests, drained the swamps and irrigated the deserts. In every epoch of our history, in all parts of our broad domain, we find these people in the professions, in commercial pursuits and in transportation enterprises. In the last two hundred years, we scarcely find an invention, an unusual and valuable discovery, that they did not seek to make before it became known or promote after it was actuated. Every section of the country, from the Mississippi Valley to the most remote outposts, the nation has felt the impulse of their thrift and loyalty.

One of the marvels of American history is found in the ease with which the various peoples who came from foreign lands have been assimi-

lated. They are found everywhere, in all the fields of political, social and religious life, and in no instance have they banded themselves together in opposition to law and order. On the contrary, they have been as law-abiding as the average native Americans.

Those who seek to arouse race antipathies commit a grievous offense against public policy. They excite the passions, the hatred, which can be overcome only by honesty and fair treatment. In committing this offense, they display a prejudice which a patriotic citizen considers unpatriotic, if not criminal.

Americanism may be defined as a virtue which attaches one to the laws, customs and institutions of the United States. It embodies loyalty and devotion to the welfare of his country.

The name Americanism must not be used as a cloak to conceal prejudice. It cannot be employed to arouse antagonism among groups of citizens who are of different lines of descent. Instead, the term implies charity toward all. It signifies a desire to fulfill conscientiously the duties and obligations due the government.

This photograph shows the petition which demands that the Congress of the United States maintain strict neutrality by placing an embargo on the shipment of arms and ammunition to any belligerent nation of Europe. It was photographed at the residence of Miss Nellie L. Miller, President of the American Women's League for Strict Neutrality.

This petition contains 1,035,697 names and is the largest document of the kind ever presented to Congress. It is 82,000 feet long, about fifteen and a half miles. Senators Kenyon, Works, La Follette, Hitchcock and others supported it by making vigorous speeches in favor of its demands, designating the petition as the most patriotic evidence of Americanism.

(Opp. 202)

On Bedloe's Island, in the Bay of New York, stands Bartholdi's celebrated statue known as *Liberty Enlightening the World.* This work of art does not escape the eye of the traveler, no matter whether he is going or coming from abroad. By displaying the torch of liberty, which the goddess proudly holds aloft, it displays the love and charity of Americanism. The following stanzas, entitled *Liberty,* I dedicated to this emblem of higher citizenship:

LIBERTY

Hail to the woman with the torch of fire,
  Standing on Bedloe's Isle the world to guide!
Beacon to pilgrims of worthy sire,
  Guide to the homeless! Far and wide
Has thy mighty welcome blazed its way
  To all earth's tired as well as me,
And now I see the break of better day,
  The dawn of freedom and of liberty!

Unlike the brazen Rhodes of Grecian lore,
  With mighty limbs from land to land;
She stands upon the eastern sea-washed shore,
  The emblem of the free in heart and hand!

Her face is glad with music of the Spheres,
  Her eyes as stars in glowing beauty shine,
She lights the path to peace in future years,
  She progress gives to me and all of mine!

Long centuries had pressed upon the poor,
  Had made them dead to joy and faith and fear;
They could not hope to see an open door,
  So pressed with pain, could scarcely shed a tear:
The Tragedy of Time caused head to bow,
  The Wheel of Labor made the back to bend;
Profaned and robbed, what could they do, and how?
  What shores to them would friendly welcome send?

The masters and the lords of royal blood
  With monstrous mandates crushed the living soul,
And ground man down with burdens and the flood
  Of wars. And, as the years and ages roll,
Refused to right the base perfidious wrongs
  That dwarf and stun the much-bewildered brain—
But hark! I hear the welcome, new-born song
  And see the torch of liberty again!

Glides now the ship to anchor in the bay—
  Soon will I tread the shore of my adopted land
And breathe a purer spirit, blesséd day,
  As I step on the far-enchanted strand!

This heritage is nature's noblest gift
To man, and to the multitudes that come,
As well as all who long have been adrift,
And rest at last to make this land their home.

Hail to the woman with the torch of fire,
Standing on Bedloe's Isle the world to guide!
Beacon to pilgrims of worthy sire,
Guide to the homeless! Far and wide
Has thy mighty welcome blazed the way
To all earth's tired as well as me,
And now I see the break of better day,
The dawn of freedom and of liberty!

XXII

POEMS WRITTEN ABROAD

THE SISTINE MADONNA

I lingered much in Dresden's famous halls
  And long before the noted canvas stood;
It cast a wondrous halo on the walls
  And seemed to pledge the soul for greater good;
I fancied here that heaven is not afar
And that the pearly gates are turned ajar.

The cloud of countless cherubs drawing near,
  And saints with deep devotion singing praise,
Announce that the heaven-born child is here,
  And herald tidings forth in seraph-lays;
Peace be to men, avoid the scourger's rod,
Hail ye the chosen, holy Son of God.

Let those who came to scoff remain to pray,
  And those who jest, heed well the voice within;
Let those who will now choose the better way
  Forsake the paths of evil and of sin—
And woe to him who scorns the holy song
I seem to hear from Raphael's angel throng.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

In Riddarholms Church, now six centuries old,
Is the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus, the Bold;
Inscribed with the Gothic so strange, seer and hoary
And bedecked with the flags that won honor and glory.

At seventeen years he ascended the throne
And made the great cause of Sweden his own;
The wars with the Danes he brought to an end
And yielded to them no part of his land.

The Russians defeated, at Stolbowa made peace
And to fair Esthonia signed a release,
While the Poles from the shores of the Baltic were driven
And the land of the Letts to Gustavus was given.

With a foothold in Europe far south of the sea,
His armies marched forward through valley and lea;
They crowded the foe from line back to line,
From the highlands of Prague to the banks of the Rhine.

At Breitenfeld Tilly met signal defeat
And his army to Lützen beat hasty retreat;
Where Gustavus again to victory led,
But was found in the field with the honorable dead.

He had marched far in Europe with men, horse and car
To end the great waste of the Thirty Years' War,
To save for his country the faith he held true,
To give to the world this old faith anew.

In Riddarholms Church I bowed at his tomb
And thought of the light that he plucked from the gloom,
Of the faith that he saved and the schools that he built,
And his freedom from stain, from wrong and from guilt.

And the lesson I learned from his life good and true
In memory I stored and write it for you:
If we seek after wisdom, put falsehood aside,
We will march on to victory through storm, flood and tide!

THE SEASONS

I love the springtime for its flowers,
For its cooling evening showers;
For the buzzing of the bees,
And the blossoms of the trees;
For the freshness of the air,
And the joy seen everywhere;
For the birds that sweetly sing
In the Spring!

I love the summer for its growing,
For its herds of cattle lowing,
For the long and pleasant day,
And the fields of new-mown hay;
For the waving fields of corn,
And the tuneful dinner horn;
Which is the favorite season mine?—
Summertime!

I love the autumn for its glimmer,
As the twilight hues grow dimmer;
For the laden orchard trees,
And the cooling, healthful breeze;
For the chase of squirrel and coon,
And the happy harvest moon;
Then we have the mystic haze—
Autumn days!

I love the winter for its pleasure,
For its rigor, health and leisure;
For its evenings full of mirth
At the fireside on the hearth;
For the school days full of labor,
For the visits with the neighbor;
Pleasant days in every clime—
Wintertime!

I love all seasons of the year
For what they bring of hope and cheer;

They serve us well in nature's plan,
If we but do the best we can;
And if we strive as seasons roll,
Successfully we'll reach the goal—
In winter, spring—summer and fall,
Seasons all!

ES KAM EIN SCHÖNES MÄDCHEN

Es kam ein schönes Mädchen
Weit über Land und Meer
In einem Schiff gefahren—
Die liebe ich so sehr!

Ihr' Augen gleich den Knospen
Sind hell wie Morgentau,
Die Wangen, O, so lieblich
Wie Frühling's schönste Au.

Ihr Haar ist wie die Seide,
Im klaren Sonnenschein;
Die Lippen sprechen zärtlich,
Nur sanft und schön und fein.

Ein solches holdes Mädchen
Mehr wertvoll ist denn Gold;
Gott möge sie erhalten
So zart und rein und hold.

HOPE AND TRY

Hope within the heart lies slumbering
  Like the dew in field and vale,
And springs out of deepest sorrow
  Like the sun through storm and gale.

Hope sprouts as a tender plantlet
  Like the seed by day and night,
And shines through the largest tear-drops
  Like the gem in sparkling light.

As the spider, spinning daily,
  Makes new webs to catch the fly,
So the heart must toil and labor,
  Plan and plod and hope and try.

Though you may be disappointed
  Full a thousand times or more,
Hope will be your stay and comfort
  As your thoughts to heaven soar.

TWO ROSES

At early morn two roses
  Bedecked with sparkling dew
Had blown in blushing beauty,
  No finer ever grew,
    No finer ever grew.

I waited till the noontide,
The bloom had larger grown,
But still I could not pluck them
And left them there alone,
And left them there alone.

At eve the bloom had wilted
With petals shrunk and torn,
And sadly I regretted
That I was left forlorn,
That I was left forlorn.

And let this be a lesson
To my friends kind and true,
That we should pluck the roses
In early morning dew,
In early morning dew.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

When Peace, the noblest gift of all,
Had from fair Europe's face been torn,
And many nations, great and small,
Were called their gallant sons to mourn—
In these great times he rose to speak
To sway the trend of soul and mind,
With purpose clear and calm and meek,
For peace and love and human kind.

His voice was heard in chambered hall
  By men who guide the ship of state,
And like the oak, firm, strong and tall,
  He would not yield; he could not hate
The common cause of God and man,
  And plead for peace with fervid breath,
And sounded forth eternal ban
  On cruel war and brutal death.

Can it be true that men of state
  Heed not the voice that pleads for peace—
Will they delay until too late
  To bid the dogs of war to cease?—
He stood for honor, firm and strong,
  A stately man, the nation's pride,
The trusted son of host and throng,
  And laid the robes of state aside.

His larger mission, joy betide,
  Extends far over palm and pine,
To human kind and nations wide
  In every land and every clime—
And this it is: *We'll crown God King,*
  When love shall reign and wars shall cease,
And to Him praise and homage bring,
  The ever-living Prince of Peace.

IN THE NORTHLAND

Far to the north where the cold breezes blow
And the peaks of the mountains are covered with snow,
Where the hills through the fjords reëcho to me
The roar and the storm of the wonderful sea—
Thence would I fly
With storm-elfs to vie!

Away in the cold of the Laplandic haze,
Where the sun of the midnight shines endless days,
And the shrubs all are bowed with dense, hoary frost,
And the heat of the desert is scattered and lost,
There would I roam
Away, far from home!

And far on the heights of the tundra and plain,
With lightning and thunder and deluging rain;
Where the wayward are swept in the wake of the storm
And the valleys and hills of their forests are shorn—
There would I be
Grim nature to see!

In the primeval woods, eternally green,
Where the bright rays of sun seldom are seen;
And wrapped in the darkness of night throughout day,
The lynx and the fox and the bear are at bay—
There would I go
In coldest of snow!

On the wild, restless deep, O, let me sail
When the breakers are dashed high by the gale
And the wild ocean moans its wonderful song
As the great vessel plunges and hastens along—
There let me glide
Through gales swift and wide!

My soul is enraptured when nature is mad,
And its gales and its storms but make me glad;
And whither I go, or where I may be,
Just send the great northern Storm King to me—
Then will I be
Both happy and free!

IF I WERE A BIRD

If I were a bird, I would sing for you
The sweetest songs that ever I knew,
And I would sing them in tones so clear
That they would soothe and comfort and cheer.

If I were an artist, I'd paint your face
With its sweetest smiles and gentlest grace,
And I'd place the picture so it would be
A constant companion and guide for me.

If I were a gardener, I'd grow the bloom
To bedeck and scent your favorite room;
I'd bring you blossoms from day to day
And stay by your side forever and aye.

If I were a poet, I'd write in rhyme
And tell of the love that only is thine;
These verses would cover volumes of pages
With tales of devotion in cycles and ages.

O, were I so skilled in all of these graces
I'd cheer and illumine your favorite places,
And there we would dwell at each other's side,
With art, song and flowers forever abide.

WENN ICH MEIN HERZ VERSTEHE

Wenn ich mein Herz verstehe—
Schlägt es allein für dich,
Du mach'st mir Freud und Wehe—
Denk'st du auch oft an mich?

Du bist mein Heil und Leben,
Mein Sinn, mein Wohl, und Gut;
Willst du dein Herz mir geben?
Vollkommen wär' mein Mut.

Die Zeit da ich dich sahe,
Ist jetzt schon lang' dahin;
O, wär die Stunde nahe,
Wenn du wär'st wo ich bin.

Enfernt, lass' ich dich grüssen,
Verbannt in Sklavenschacht,

Im Traum zu deinen Füszen,
  Bringt mich fast jede Nacht.

Ick möchte dich unfassen
  Sobald die Tulpen blüh'n;
Und würd' dich nie verlassen,
  Und niemals von dir flieh'n.

Treu werde ich dir geben
  Das beste was ich hab,—
Allein für dich zu leben
  Bis an das kühle Grab.

Wenn ich mein Herz verstehe—
  Schlägt es allein für dich,
Du mach'st mir Freud und Wehe—
  Denkst du auch oft an mich?

THE CHURCHYARD AT TRONDHJEM

The churchyard at Trondhjem, the city of silence,
  Reposed 'mid the hills of stone and of clay,
Thy graves are as green as the leaves of the birchwood
  Though many were made when the Vikings held sway—
Long ere the great dome church towered above thee,
Long ere its bells rang over tundra and lea.

Here sleep the Northmen, whose wonderful sagas
Of valor at sea, now ten centuries old,
Still live in legend, in song and in story
And often at bedtime to children are told—
How they conquered the restless maelstrom commotion,
How they bridled the waves of the mightiest ocean.

Here sleep the monks that founded the dome church,
Near by the priests who prayers often said,—
See, how the many moss-covered crosses
Show us where lie these long-honored dead—
May they sleep in peace, their labor is done,
May they sleep in peace, their laurels are won.

Here sleep the reformers of Gustavus Adolphus
In silence at rest beneath the greensward,
They lived for their work, they lived for the church,
And now are reposed in the bosom of God—
Speak kindly of them, they toiled not in vain,
Speak kindly of them, their work is our gain.

Here sleep the dead that are noted in story,
Whose fame has been sung and in history told,
And here sleep the dead who have long been forgotten
Because they were poor and not keenly bold—
But the sickle of death knows no title or nation,
And the sickle of death is no respecter of station.

The churchyard of Trondhjem, the city of silence,
Reposed 'mid the hills of stone and of clay,
Thy graves are as green as the leaves of the birchwood
Though many were made when the Vikings held sway—
Thy graves and thy dead and thy church seem to me
As great as the greatest of land and of sea.

THE SLOTHFUL

By the field of the slothful I went,
At the early dawn of the day,
Where the summer in folly was spent,
And the winter brought want and dismay;
Rank thistles were robbing the soil,
And nettles were choking the grain;
The hedges had long been afoul
With weeds that were seeding again.

And the sluggard was yet on his couch
With sleep and with slumber unmanned,
He was living the way of the slouch
And wasting the fat of the land;
And with age shall his poverty come,
And his want and distress shall be great,
And his sorrows shall sadden his home—
Because he has always been late!

And this is the lesson I learned
As I turned from the slothful away:
That wisdom by labor is earned
At the golden dawn of the day—
And I left the sluggard asleep,
Alone to his slumber and want,
To the heights of Excelsior to leap,
In labor's most beautiful haunt!

VENICE

All night the steamer sailed the Adriatic
To reach at early morn the calm lagoon
At Venice,—the famous, the erratic,—
Where pipes the gondolier his doleful tune;
And here the sea is even more inspiring
As far and high Palladian temples rise—
We view the Doge's Palace, so admiring,
And scan with dread the wondrous Bridge of Sighs.

Comes now the gondolier. His numerous horde
Surrounds the ship that brought us here;
In groups of two or three we leave the board
And slowly move with little doubt or fear.
And now I set my foot on land again,
Not far from Marcos' Place with mighty tower,
And with the lion of Byzantine's fame—
I shall not soon forget this crowning hour!

How shall I ever scan these streets and bridges,
And these canals that form a mystic maze,
Or tire of gazing over roofs and ridges,
That now are glimmering in the morning haze?
And can I ever tell, the wondrous vision
That from San Marcos' tower comes to me,—
How lagoon and islands form a marked division
Between the Alps and the ever restless sea?

All day the Grand Canal its burdens carries
Of barge and boat that hurry to and fro,
And e'en at night this movement little tarries
Or when the restless tides are high or low;
At the Rialto Bridge the crowds are vaster
Even than at the famed San Marcos' Place,—
At day they come to trade, at eve to master
The native songs, or to promenade apace.

How lovely is a trip, when shadows lengthen,
To Lido, the flowery islet of the sea;
At eve, when sea-cooled breezes strengthen
The human form, it gives new hopes to me!
Soon I will see the lights of Venice gleaming
Across the lagoon's much reputed shoal,
And hear the mighty tide of Lido streaming
As from the sea the rushing water roll!

But Venice still of olden times is dreaming
When masters, such as Titian, flourished here,

Its ancient walls, in the sunset gleaming,
As shades of former glory now appear;
The stallions which on yonder church are prancing,
The prize once taken by the Corsican,
Remind us only by their graceful dancing
How falls the powerful reign of kingly clan!

I glance once more across the panorama
Of gilted tower and bridge and halls of art,
And ponder long upon the cyclic drama
In which such men as Marco Polo played a part—
But what of life and all the joy and leisure,
And golden hours, if they but end in vain?
I view Venetian glory filled with pleasure,
And feel her poverty with grief and pain!

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP

The Latest Epoch-Making Literary Production of America

By

BERNHART PAUL HOLST

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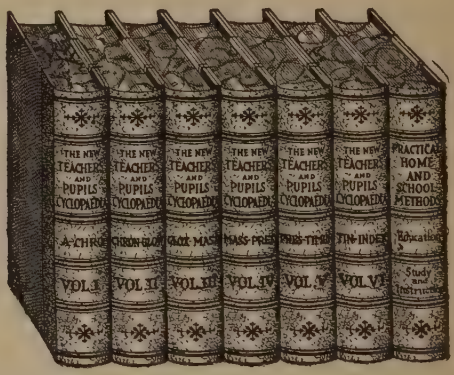

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